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WILKIE COLLINS.

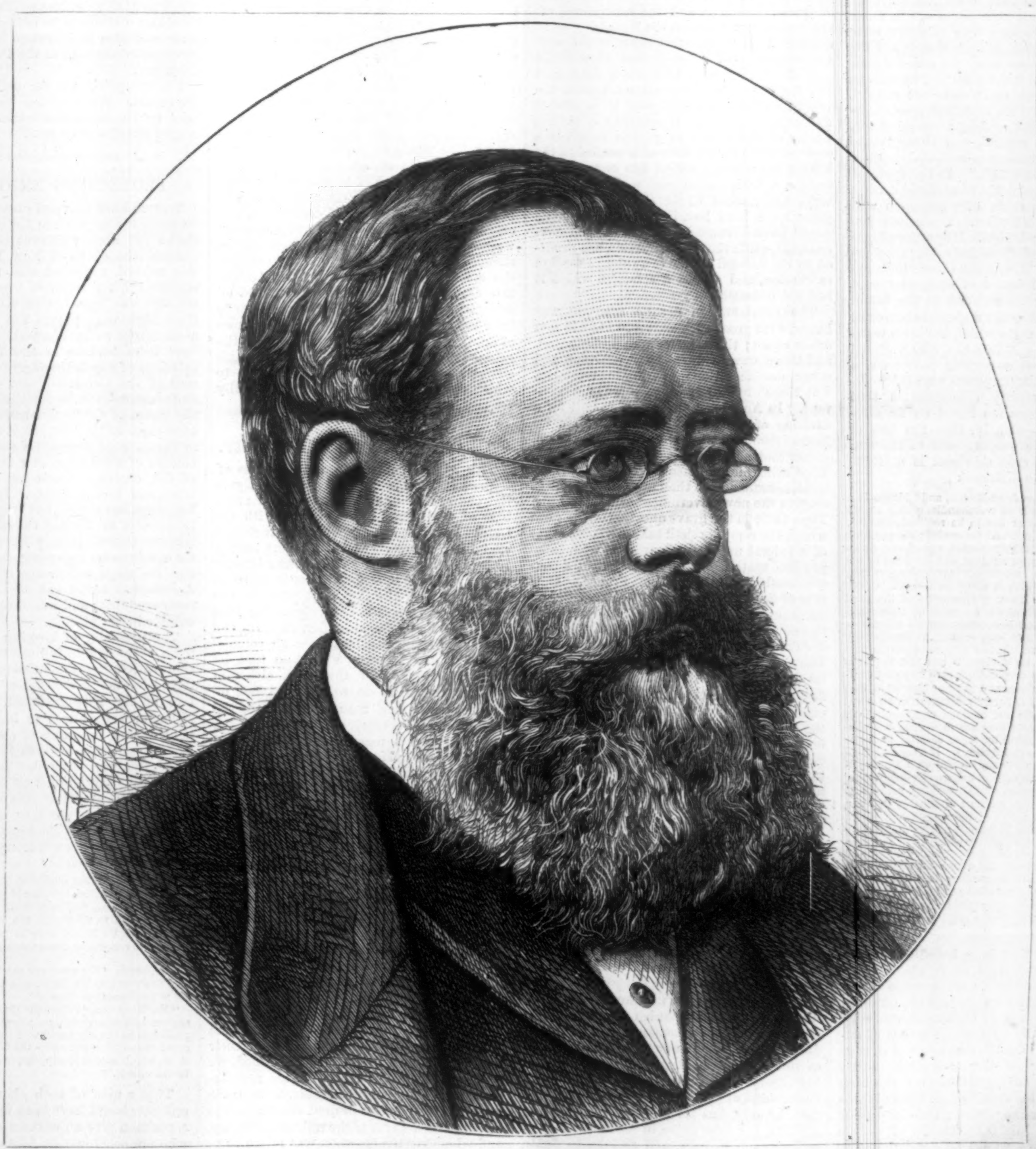
AMONG living English novelists none enjoys a wider popularity, in his own country and America, than the author of *The Woman in White*, whose portrait is given on this page. He was the eldest son of WILLIAM COLLINS, an English painter of celebrity, and was born in London, January, 1824. After receiving a fine education at a private school, and spending some years with his parents in Italy, he was articled for four years to a firm in the tea trade. Finding his tastes and inclinations at variance with a commercial life, he studied law at Lincoln's Inn, where he was an inmate at the time of his father's death, in 1847, and his first literary performance was an admirable biography of his father, with selections from his journals and correspondence. This was published in 1848. From that time WILKIE COLLINS devoted himself entirely to literary pursuits. Between 1850 and 1854 he published successively *Antonina; or, the Fall of Rome*, his first novel; *Rambles beyond Railways; or, Notes in Cornwall; Basil; Mr. Wray's Cash-Box;* and *Hide and Seek.* He soon afterward became a frequent contributor to *Household Words*, and his *After Dark*, printed in 1856, and his *Dead Secret*, printed in the following year, were collections of short and most admirable tales published originally in that journal. *Antonina* revealed the possession of remarkable genius, and gave promise of future greatness; but the subject was ill-chosen, and the book met with only limited success. It was, however, translated into German, and was received with marked approval by German readers and critics.

In each of his succeeding novels WILKIE COLLINS more than realized the promise of his first effort in the literature of romantic fiction. *The Woman in White, No Name, The Moonstone, Man and Wife*, and *Poor Miss Finch*, enjoyed a popularity as serials scarcely second to those of DICKENS; and the constant demand for them shows the permanent hold they have taken on the reading public. In all these works he exhibits remarkable dramatic power. His plots, though always intricate, are never obscure or perplexing; a constant succession of dramatic situations keeps the reader's interest ever on the alert, while the *dénouement*, though suggested, is concealed with such consummate art as to come at last as a startling surprise. Thus in *Man and Wife* the happy marriage of the heroine to the true friend who had learned first to respect and afterward to admire and love her, took all by surprise who read the story in serial form; yet the way to this conclusion of her sufferings and wrongs was so skillfully prepared as to be accepted by every one as the natural *dénouement* of the story.

We have alluded to the dramatic power exhibited by Mr. COLLINS in his novels. No writer is more alive to the value of effective situations in keeping up the reader's interest, or displays greater skill in the effective development of character and story through a succession of dramatic scenes and contrasts. He has dramatized several of his own novels with marked success, besides producing several original plays, which attained great popularity. Of these *The Lighthouse* and *The Frozen Deep* were first brought out at the private theatricals of Tavistock House, Mr. CHARLES DICKENS being one of the performers. The latter was also played with the same cast at the Gallery of Illustration for the benefit of the "Jerrold Fund;" the former was produced at the Olympic Theatre, in London, and was received with marked approval.

Mr. COLLINS has long cherished the intention of visiting this country, partly for the purpose of making an extended lecturing tour, and partly for the purpose of collecting materials for a new story, illustrative of life on the Western frontier. Ill health has prevented the accomplishment of this plan; but our readers will be glad to learn that rest and travel have so far restored his strength that he hopes to make the journey during the present year.

Judged from a purely intellectual standard, WILKIE COLLINS must unquestionably be ranked among the greatest of living novelists. He excels most of his contemporaries in subtlety and keen analysis, at the same time surpassing them in the novelty and startling interest of his dramatic situations. His new story, entitled *The New Magdalen*, now appearing in the pages of *Harper's Magazine*, is, without question, the greatest of his works. The opening scene is laid on the Rhine frontier during the late Franco-German war. The story turns upon the assumption by one woman of the name and social position of another. The heroine who takes this bold step was formerly a Magdalen of London, whose past character, despite her noblest exertions, has persistently followed her, and prevented her from regaining that social position which she now seeks to retrieve by deception. The story abounds in those dramatic scenes and situations which constitute one of the great attractions of his fictions. The heroine, who, as we have said, has tried in vain to raise herself above the level to which she has fallen, becomes a nurse in a military field-hospital during the German-French war, and while there makes the acquaintance of a young lady, the orphan of a colonel in the British army, who is on her way to friends in England, in whom she becomes interested, and whose story she learns. While waiting overnight at a French ambulance during an engagement this young lady is apparently killed by the explosion of a shell; and the heroine of the story conceives the plan of changing clothes with her and assuming her name. Circumstances favor the accomplishment of the plan. The young woman who was supposed to be dead comes to



Faithfully yours
Wilkie Collins

life, however, and endeavors to assert her personality and rights. That the career growing out of such a complication is one of thrilling interest no one need be told who has read Wilkie Collins's former tales.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.
Saturday, March 8, 1873.

RAILROAD LEGISLATION.

THE popular opposition to railroad monopoly which is manifested in so many various ways throughout the country is very significant. The inaugural of every newly elected Governor, and the resolutions of every agricultural and industrial convention, lay especial stress upon the necessity of some speedy and efficient reform in the direction and management of railways.

The State Legislature of Illinois has already passed laws regulating the rates of transportation for passengers and freight, and has appointed a Board of Railway Commissioners to enforce its legislation. Judge Tipton, one of the ablest jurists in that State, has decided that legislation of this character is constitutional. For several years the State of Massachusetts has had a Board of Railway Commissioners. This board has just submitted its fourth annual report to the Legislature. The conclusions arrived at in this report as to the efficiency of legislation for the regulation of railroad fares and freights are not very encouraging. The report shows that there has been no lack of legislation; that there are in force on the statute-books "laws of every conceivable description, from a simple act establishing charges so much per mile for each traveler or ton of freight carried by rail, to enactments of the most elaborate nature, under which roads are classified, goods enumerated, periodical revisions provided for, and differential, special, and through-rate tariffs, with distinctions of terminal charges, are all specified in detail." In the State of Ohio "there are at least nine distinct rates for the transportation of passengers and freight authorized by law. The matter has been incessantly legislated upon, and yet the State Railroad Commissioner, in his report for the year 1870, asserts these laws are the most fruitful source of complaint, and that 'there is not a railroad in the State, whether operated under a special charter or the general law, upon which the laws regulating rates are not in some way violated nearly every time a regular passenger, a freight, or mixed train passes over it.'"

This report clearly demonstrates that equal-mileage laws are based on an erroneous principle—namely, that the fare or freight should be proportioned to the cost of carriage, and that this cost is uniform, without regard to distance:

> "Lynn is ten miles from Boston, and Chicago is a thousand. An article of merchandise going to the one place or the other has to be received, handled, stored, placed on a car, and forwarded; on reaching its destination it must be unloaded, stored, and delivered to the company, or received and unloaded by the consignee; in either case the car is necessarily subject to delays, during which it earns no freight. Under these circumstances it is very apparent that the fixed cost incurred by railroads in the work of transportation—that cost which is common for all articles or persons, no matter how long or short a distance they are carried—must constitute a very considerable part of the whole cost. So obvious is this fact that it is well known that the corporations earn large net profits on their long business at a third or quarter of that rate per mile which is barely remunerative on short business. The simple and obvious fact that wheels earn money only while they are in motion has constantly been disregarded by those seeking to frame laws regulating fares and freights. If a car be loaded with passengers or goods and started on a journey of 2000 miles, the wheels of that car are steadily earning money for days together, though moving, perhaps, at low rates. If, however, the cost of starting that car, including the fixed outlay of the corporation in officers, employés, station buildings, real estate, rolling-stock, and road-bed—an outlay which is in large degree the same for long transportation or for short—if this cost has to be distributed over a few miles only in which the wheels are in motion, then it is evident that the cost of transportation per mile must largely increase. If it is limited by law, and not allowed to increase, then the long traffic must pay a loss on the short traffic."

It is evident that laws based upon such an erroneous principle as is above illustrated are impracticable, and can not be executed. And even where just laws are enacted, these are simply legislative, and very little attention is paid to the means of executing them. On the continent of Europe the management of railways is more efficient than in this country, not because the laws are better, but because there is a comprehensive *executive* management; and frequently the executive interferences are of such a nature that they would be deemed in this country incompatible with our free institutions.

Even a general railroad law, like that now pending in the New Jersey Legislature—having for its object the establishment of a system of free competition—will not prove of much efficiency. It will develop railway communication in some sections where there is, and can be, no competition with the main lines already established. It will drive the railroad lobbyists out of the legislative arena, and will compel the large and powerful railway corporations to depend entirely upon natural laws for the maintenance of the monopoly which they now possess. But these natural laws are all in their favor. These corporations have already selected and occupied the shortest and most desirable routes. Competing lines will necessarily labor under great disadvantages, and will be bought up by lines already existing at less than the cost of their construction. The law of consolidation is itself a normal one, and the people ought to gain from the simplicity and unity resulting therefrom.

We must recognize these natural laws which affect transportation. We must proceed upon the supposition that railroads are inevitably monopolies, and must regulate them as such. This can be only partially and inefficiently accomplished by legislation. There must be a wise and comprehensive system of executive direction.

THE SPANISH REPUBLIC.

The new government of Spain is beset with many difficulties and embarrassments, both from within and from without; and the progress of events in that country will be watched with no common interest by the friends of constitutional liberty on both sides of the Atlantic. During the period which elapsed between the expulsion of Queen Isabella and the acceptance of the crown by Amadeus, the Spanish people developed an unexpected capacity for self-government, and showed that they could get along very well without a king, and but for Prim's monarchical tendencies the republic of Spain would now be a settled and permanent fact. His distrust of the capacity of the people to govern themselves and maintain tranquillity at home led to the kingly experiment which has met with so sudden a termination, and which in many ways has worked ill for the nation. Two years have been lost, in which the people might have advanced in the art of self-government, while the Carlist faction has profited by the natural dislike to a ruler of foreign extraction, and gained a strength which it had not possessed in years.

The proclamation of the republic was hailed with great enthusiasm in Madrid and other cities; the streets were illuminated, and there were bonfires and cheerings and other manifestations of public rejoicing. But there are also ominous signs of discontent. In Andalusia the peasants call for a division of property. From Catalonia we hear of demonstrations by the working-men, demanding shorter hours and higher wages. The Carlist faction, encouraged by the priesthood, is more active than ever, and promises to give the new government serious trouble. Then there is the grave question of the form which the republic shall take—whether that of a federal union like our own, with independent state legislatures, or that of a consolidated government like France. Outside of Spain there is the perplexing Cuban question, which is fraught with danger to the new government. How shall the "ever-faithful isle" be kept to its allegiance? The new government has, of course, declared its determination to maintain the Spanish flag in Cuba. It could not do otherwise and exist a single day. To rule the island with the despotism by which it is now held would be grossly inconsistent with the principles on which the new republic is founded; but to modify that rule would probably, under present circumstances, be to lose the island. The question of slavery in Cuba is not less a source of perplexity; for while the insurgents have declared in favor of its abolition, the Spanish portion of the population, who are faithful to the home government, are utterly opposed to such a course.

It is well for Spain that she has among her leaders such a statesman as Emilio Castelar. His recent speech in the Cortes, delivered before the abdication of Amadeus, on the abolition of slavery in Porto Rico, may be accepted as indicating the position which the new government will take on this question in the other Spanish colonies. The great orator and statesman pleads for immediate emancipation upon the high ground of morals, and he develops in his appeal his theory of the relation of the two continents and of Spain to America. Every nation, he says, has its function in the great solidarity or interunion of nations. He describes each in turn, and assigns to Spain the position of mediator between Europe and America. The integrity of the nation must be preserved in America as well as in Europe. But to this it is necessary that the Spanish republics in America understand that democracy is authority as well as liberty: it is action, but a curb upon its own action. The identity of race fuses all Spanish America together, and it will presently unite itself and renew in fact the great idea of Bolivar. And to this end Spain itself must preserve its islands, for they are the links between the two countries. But to make them the intermediaries of life and not of death, Spain herself must be action and not reaction, liberty and not an arbitrary will. In the past, says Castelar, Spain gave America what she had and was. The earlier centuries carried thither the Spanish theocratical, hierarchical, and monarchical organization, with modern ideas; but the latter half of the nineteenth century has not extended "our modern and democratic spirit to our possessions." "To-day," he exclaims, "is the last day of old Spain crushing in her fall the fetters of the slave, and the birthday of that other Spain that by means of her ideas unites herself indissolubly with the America of freedom, of democracy, and of right."

Indeed, it is not possible to sketch or condense the speech. It is not an argument; it is a lyrical, passionate, imaginative appeal. It is an assertion of the essential superiority and supremacy of ideas, a pæan of liberty, and a cry of exultation at the visible triumph of democracy. Yet Castelar, as his speeches and papers show, is not a dreamer nor an enthusiast only. Nobody has more truly pointed out the essential fault of the old French revolution—no one is less seduced by the theory of the rightful despotism of the mere majority. The value of such a speech is its revelation of a powerful spirit in Spain, which must necessarily most beneficially affect the politics and education of the country. "If Spain, gentlemen," Castelar cries, in an eloquent passage—"if Spain is to be made up of arbitrary generals, greedy bureaucrats, selfish tax-gatherers—censors who stifle human thought, unbridled hosts, massacring children, the slave-trafficker's bark, the Babylon of the plantation, and, to crown all this, the bazar and the slave market—ah! then arise with me and cry, 'Accursed be the genius of our country!'" The whole discourse is in a romantic strain foreign to our present thoughts and habits of speech. Yet in our earlier day, when, as in Spain, a great revolution was proceeding in the hearts of the people, and original rights and the sources of authority were closely scanned, our American orators struck the same lofty key and appealed to the common sentiments of man. And in this day, when we are a little ashamed of sentiment, and moral appeals do not seem to have been so persuasive in Congress as those of another kind, it is refreshing to catch the generous and glowing music of Castelar's eloquence, and to hear in Spain a voice to which old Sam Adams would have joyfully responded.

THE CRÉDIT MOBILIER REPORT.

The special committee of the House of Representatives appointed to investigate the charges brought against certain members of the House in connection with the Crédit Mobilier, after a long and thorough examination, presented their report on the 18th ult. The majority of the committee, it should be borne in mind, are not in political sympathy with the dominant party in the House. As the result of their investigations into the charges against Mr. Blaine, the committee exonerate him from all connection with the matter. They find that he did not take any of the stock, although strongly urged to do so. Mr. Dawes, of Massachusetts, held a small portion of the stock for a while, received a dividend of ten per cent. on his money, and then parted with his stock. He received no other benefit from the transaction than to get this dividend, and after settling with Mr. Ames had no further interest in the stock. Messrs. Bingham, Schofield, Garfield, and Kelley each held portions of the stock for a time, drew dividends, and then settled with Mr. Ames on terms which the committee could not discover to their satisfaction.

The committee say in their report that they do not find that "either of the above-named gentlemen in contracting with Mr. Ames had any corrupt motive or purpose himself, or was aware that Mr. Ames had any, nor did either of them suppose he was guilty of any impropriety, or even indelicacy, in becoming a purchaser of this stock. Had it appeared that these gentlemen were aware of the enormous dividends upon their stock, and how they were to be earned, we could not acquit them." In his negotiations with these gentlemen Mr. Ames made no suggestion that he desired their influence in Congress in favor of the railroad company, and whenever the question was raised as to whether the ownership of the stock would in any way interfere with or embarrass them in their action as members of Congress, he assured them it would not. The committee, therefore, do not find that they had any other purpose in taking this stock than to make a profitable investment. It ought to be observed, say the committee, that those gentlemen who surrendered their stock to Mr. Ames before there was any public excitement on the subject do not profess to have done so upon any idea of impropriety in holding it, but for reasons affecting the value and security of the investment; but the committee believe that they must have felt there was something "so out of the ordinary course of business in the extraordinary dividends they were receiving as to render the investment itself suspicious, and that this was one of the motives of their action." The only criticism which the committee feel compelled to make on the action of these members in taking this stock is that they were not sufficiently careful in ascertaining what they were getting; and this being the state of the case, the committee find nothing in the conduct of either of these members in taking the stock that calls for any recommendation to the House.

In the case of Mr. Ames, the committee recommend his expulsion, on the ground that they find him "guilty of selling to members of Congress shares of stock in the Crédit Mobilier of America for prices much below the true value of such stock, with intent thereby to influence the votes and decisions of such members in matters to be brought before Congress for action." The committee also recommend the expulsion of Mr. James Brooks. They find, in the words of the report, that he procured the Crédit Mobilier Company to issue and deliver to his son-in-law, Mr. Charles H. Neilson, for his own use, fifty shares of the stock of that company at a price much below its real value, with the knowledge that this was done to influence his action in the House on matters to be brought before Congress, and also to influence his action as a government director in the Pacific Railroad Company.

The foregoing are the main features of the report. What action the House will take on the recommendations of the committee remains to be seen.

PROTECTING EMIGRANTS.

Things have changed greatly for the better since the days when the emigrant to our shores fell among thieves the moment he reached the docks of New York, when he was robbed, swindled, and maltreated by emigrant hotel runners, bogus ticket sellers, and was regarded by all the roughs as their legitimate prey. Yet still there are some things to be reformed. The great railroad lines leading to the West have the privilege of appointing agents, with the consent of the Commissioners of Emigration, to transact business for their roads within the limits of Castle Garden, and their presence there as the recognized representatives of the railroad companies amounts to a certificate of good character and a guarantee of fair dealing. Their position is one of trust and responsibility. Ignorant of our language, our money, our customs, and mostly persons of limited experience, the emigrants depend largely upon these agents for information regarding their new homes and the ways and means of getting there. A dishonest agent can easily impose upon their credulity, and inflict upon them incalculable harm.

The necessity of keeping a strict watch upon these agents is illustrated by the action which the Commissioners have been forced to take in the case of the representative of the Erie Railroad, one Nicholas Müller, who is said to have been prominent among the gang of emigrant runners against whose extortions the protection of legislation was invoked. The Commissioners, in the exercise of their trust, very properly refused to admit this man within the limits of Castle Garden; and in vindication of this course Commissioner Wallach makes this statement through a reporter of the New York *Herald*:

> "Reporter. 'What objection did you urge against granting the permission to Mr. Muller?'
>
> "Mr. Wallach. 'I do not think he is a proper man to be allowed to deal with the emigrants in Castle Garden, and I will not vote to permit a man to go among the emigrants that I think needs to be watched himself.'
>
> "Reporter. 'Have you any special proof that would tend to show that Mr. Muller is not a proper man to act in the Garden as agent?'
>
> "Mr. Wallach. 'I have the charges that were made against him of swindling emigrants, and which were published in the city papers. I have the record of his conviction and sentence by the Court of Special Sessions, which is open, I suppose, to any body that wants to examine it.'"

That a man of such character and antecedents should have been appointed to such a position was an outrage upon the people who are seeking new homes among us, and the protection of our laws and institutions, and the Commissioners will be sustained in the exercise of all vigilance in excluding from Castle Garden every agent who is open to suspicion. There must be no renewal, under any form, of the rapacity which was once allowed to make New York a terror to emigrants.

PERSONAL.

Professor Tyndall, having in his farewell address assured ambitious young scientists that if they would gain distinction they must be content to live low and lie hard, a Pittsburg editor says: "We don't know whether our young scientists are willing to follow this advice, but we do know that our young and old politicians have tried this recipe for years and found it good. They, as a class, we think, can 'live lower and lie harder' than almost any other, and they have found this sort of thing of the greatest service 'in achieving the object of their lives.'"

—Herr Sidow, who for fifty years past has been deemed one of the most talented and popular preachers of Berlin, has been excluded from the pulpit by the Brandenburg Consistory for rationalistic tendencies in his preaching.

—Hans Christian Andersen has recovered from his serious illness. His new volume of fairy tales is reported to be having an extraordinary success in Denmark.

—Robert Emmett, who died at his home in New Rochelle on the 16th of February, in his eighty-first year, was the eldest son of the famous Irish patriot Thomas Addis Emmett. Formerly he was a member of the bar of this city, and both professionally and socially was held in the highest esteem.

—Minister Sickles, in communicating to President Figueras his orders to recognize the republic of Spain, concluded by saying that, "In expressing to your Excellency the fervent good wishes of President Grant, and recognizing your authority, I accomplish the most agreeable duty of my mission to this noble and generous country." To which Señor Figueras replied that "his grave responsibility would overwhelm him were it not for such moments as the present, when you so eloquently convey the *robust voice* of the American people in blessing and acclaiming the advent of the republic, which moderate energy achieved and prudence will preserve."

—John Melcher, who died recently in Salem, Massachusetts, at the age of ninety-three, was one of the few remaining *Dartmoor* prisoners of the war of 1812.

—President Thiers has determined not to be the guest of the Emperor during his attendance at the Exhibition in Vienna. He has hired the Palace Lietenbuger, and will there abide with the French commission.

—The Sultan of Turkey is a believer in omens. Lately he ordered a new palace, on which art had been lavished, to be razed, because he stumbled on entering the edifice for the first time. He conceived the accident to be ominous. But by the advice of the English embassador he concluded to let it stand. It stands.

—The letter addressed by the Emperor of Germany to Prince Bismarck, with the *crachat* in brilliants of the Black Eagle, terminates with these words, "Your faithful, devoted, and grateful king."

—General Beauregard is superintendent of street railways in New Orleans.

—Jefferson Davis is president of the Carolina Insurance Company, at Memphis, Tennessee.

—Major-General Joseph Wheeler, commander of Wheeler's Confederate cavalry during the war, and a West Pointer, has married a rich lady in Northern Alabama, and lives at his ease.

—The Emperor of Austria has set all the journalists of his dominions agog by offering a prize of five thousand florins to the journalist who will write the best editorial on Austrian affairs in the German language—said editorial not to contain more than one thousand words (about the number of words in a column of this paper). It is immaterial to what party the writer belongs; and the Vienna papers think that there will be several thousand competitors for the prize.

—The following "personal" is inscribed on a tombstone in Conway church-yard, England:

> "Here lyeth y^e body of Nich^s Hookes of Conway, Ge^n who was y^e 41st child of his Father William Hookes Esq, by Alice his Wife and y^e father of 27 children, who dyed y^e 20th of March 1637."

—Governor Jewell, of Connecticut, is not only the leader of the Republican party in that State, but the leader of one of the church choirs in Hartford. He "raises the tune" with singular accuracy and effect.

—Mrs. N. P. Willis is at present residing in Rome.

—General L. Pope Walker, ex-Secretary of War of the Confederate States, who avowed his intention to plant that flag over Faneuil Hall six months after the war began, is practicing law in Huntsville, Alabama—makes out capiases and things of that sort.

—Some years ago an eminent English publisher gave Lord Lytton $100,000 for the use of twenty of his novels for a railway library—the largest sum ever paid in England for a copyright. The most successful publications, however, pecuniarily, are sermons. It is said that the representatives of the late Rev. F. W. Robertson, of Brighton, have received in the course of a few years over $150,000 for copyright of the various volumes of sermons left at his death.

—Mr. Harding has just won the honor of senior wrangler at Cambridge, after having carried off nearly every thing since 1867, both at London University and Cambridge. He has now reached the summit of academic fame, the merit of the performance being enhanced by the introduction into the examination of three new subjects—heat, electricity, and magnetism.

—Lord Lytton, according to the London *Athenæum*, left the manuscript of *Kenelm Chillingly* complete, and, indeed, nearly the whole work is in type. *The Parisians* is also finished. That journal adds: "It has been a surprise to the public to find that Lord Lytton is the author of *The Coming Race*, and *The Parisians*. An acute critic has told us that he surmised the authorship from the similarity of the opening sentences of *The Coming Race* to the opening sentences of *Pelham*. As we have mentioned, Lord Lytton often published his works anonymously at first; but it is a remarkable circumstance that a veteran author should late in life have turned to a new branch of literature with success."

—Mr. A. B. Stockwell, president of the Pacific Mail Steamship Company, is now regarded in Wall Street as one of the most dauntless and successful operators in that propinquity. From being a simple farmer boy at Painesville, Ohio, he acquired a fortune in the sewing-machine, and thence entering the "arena" of bulls and bears, has made divers and sundry other fortunes, and in the quietest and least demonstrative manner imaginable deals in millions as though they were merely old American dollars of the coinage of '28.

—The library of President Thiers contains one hundred and twenty thousand volumes, uniformly bound in green cloth, except his own works, which his publishers have presented to him bound in splendid crimson velvet with gold rims.

—Francis Asbury, the first American bishop of the Methodist Church, was the first clergyman of that denomination to preach in Trenton, New Jersey, and it is on the minutes of the church that he was paid seven shillings for that service. Nowadays a clergyman "subbing" for a brother in this city is paid from $25 to $50 a Sunday, according to the pecuniary ability of the congregation. There is a good deal of that sort of thing done.

—Earl Granville has somewhat astonished the English by his new regulations for the diplomatic service. Hereafter there is to be but one examination of candidates, and, strange to say, no knowledge of German is required. The period of service of *attachés* is to be reduced from four to two years, and instead of second secretaries being paid according to the scale of the mission to which they are attached, their salary will be uniformly fixed at from £300 to £450 a year. The third secretaries will receive, as heretofore, £150 a year. Among the new allowances are £100 a year for a knowledge of public law, and £100 a year for a colloquial knowledge of the Russian, Turkish, Persian, Chinese, or Japanese languages. Another new feature of these regulations is that heads of missions shall send annual reports of a confidential nature on the conduct of junior secretaries and *attachés*, and that the duration of the appointments of heads of missions shall not exceed five years, though at the end of that time reappointments shall be open for consideration.

—Here are a few "personal" facts that are probably now for the first time made known in the United States. The Chevalier F. de Tapres, in a recent work, states that in Russia there are 500,000 nobles; that Austria numbers 239,000; that Spain, in 1780, reckoned 470,000; that France, before 1790, had 360,000, of whom 4120 were of the *ancienne noblesse;* and that in England, Scotland, and Ireland, on the contrary, there are only 1631 persons, from dukes to baronets, who possess transmissible titles. But there are in the United Kingdom some two or three hundred thousand persons who are *nobles* in the Continental sense of the term.

—Gérome gets good pay for his handiwork. His last picture is valued at 40,000 francs, and is reckoned one of his best. It expresses touchingly the attachment of an Arab to his horse. He is represented alone in the desert with the dying animal, and holds his head caressingly between his hands.

—Mr. Richard Dillon, the veteran sexton of Trinity Church, Boston, has retired from that position of prominence after a service of thirty-seven years. During that period he has seen eight rectors and assistant ministers of the parish. Mr. Dillon now retires to his farm in Vermont, or, as one might say, to his "Château Dillon" (which, if of the vintage of '65, is not bad to take).

—President Thiers, during his long literary career, has received eighteen prizes for historical works, the value of which amounts to nearly $60,000.

—Professor Tayler Lewis and Dr. C. Van Santvoord have written a biography of the late President Nott, of Union College.

—Dr. Conneau, who was among Louis Napoleon's latest attendants, was also one of his very earliest friends, having been one of the legatees of his mother's will, made at Arenemberg, in Switzerland, in 1837, in which Hortense, after leaving a remembrance to Dr. Conneau, expressed the wish "que mon fils puisse le garder près de lui," a wish fulfilled to the very last instant of her son's life. Whatever may have been the Emperor's faults or vices, he certainly seems to have had the art of keeping devoted followers, and even Englishmen have been among those whom at times he fascinated.

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

The death of Captain Matthew F. Maury, in the sixty-seventh year of his age, is announced as having taken place on the 1st of February last, at Lexington, Virginia. He was born in Virginia, and early manifested a love of science, especially of mathematics and astronomy, and while quite young entered the navy as a midshipman, induced thereto by the opportunities furnished for the practical application of his favorite studies. On the establishment of the National Observatory at Washington he was placed in its charge, and rendered excellent service to science. He enlisted the merchant marine of the whole world, as well as its navies, in the collection of facts relative to the physics of the ocean and its atmosphere, and embodied the results in the series of *Wind and Current Charts*, which have done so much to improve and systematize our knowledge of this department of science.

At the breaking out of the rebellion, in 1861, Captain Maury was still in charge of the Observatory, but left it and cast his lot with the South, of which he was one of the leading spirits. In the year 1865 he visited Mexico, with the intention of becoming a citizen of that country, but subsequently returned and took charge of the professorship of physics and of the observatory of the Virginia Military Institute, at Lexington.

Captain Maury has published numerous works in addition to his *Wind and Current Charts* and his official reports as director of the Observatory, the most important being that on *The Physical Geography of the Sea*.

A bill has passed one branch of the Legislature of Michigan establishing a commission of fisheries, and appropriating $10,000 for two years for purposes connected with the increase of food fishes in the State.

Physical science in America has experienced a great loss in the death, in the sixty-seventh year of his age, of Professor James Henry Coffin, of Lafayette College, this sad event taking place on the 6th of February. Professor Coffin was a native of Massachusetts, and for a time a professor in Williams College, where he planned the construction of Greylock Observatory on Saddle Mountain. He became a member of the faculty of Lafayette College in 1846, where he has since filled the chair of mathematics and astronomy.

Professor Coffin is best known from his treatise on the *Winds of the Northern Hemisphere*, published by the Smithsonian Institution in 1851. At the time of his death he was engaged on a second edition of this work, brought down to the present day, and extended so as to embrace the entire globe. This would have been completed in a few months. The Smithsonian Institution also published a discussion by him of the meteoric fire-ball of July, 1860, and other papers from his pen have appeared in the *Proceedings of the American Scientific Association*, and elsewhere. He was a member of the National Academy of Sciences.

It is quite a curious coincidence that Captain Maury and Professor Coffin, the two who in our country have given most attention to the subject of atmospheric currents, should have died within a week of each other, and at the same age.

For the purpose of aiding in the permanent investment of funds destined for scientific, educational, and charitable purposes, Senator Sherman has lately introduced a bill into the Senate authorizing the Treasurer of the United States to receive sums of money, not less than five hundred dollars at a time, to be placed to the credit of any orphan asylum, hospital, or other institution for charitable purposes, or for the encouragement of learning, mechanics, or the fine arts. A certificate is to be issued for this sum, and interest to be paid upon it semi-annually. It is further provided that such deposit shall be forever held inviolable and irrevocable, and that the rate of interest—five per cent.—shall not be reduced nor increased. The original deposit may be increased by additional deposits of not less than five hundred dollars at each donation.

A subsequent clause of the bill provides that all moneys received under this act shall be applied from time to time by the United States Treasurer in the purchase and cancellation of the interest-bearing debt of the United States. The fund thus received is to be entitled "The United States Five per Centum Annuity Fund of Charitable Donations and Bequests."

Should this movement become a law, it will furnish a long-desired opportunity for investing sums of money for the purposes mentioned, with the assurance that the principal can never be embezzled or wasted, the government of the United States being responsible for its safekeeping.

A bill is now before Congress providing an appropriation of $20,000, or as much thereof as may be necessary, for the purpose of having printed, at the government printing-office, one thousand copies of the *Descriptive Anatomical Catalogue of the Army Medical Museum*. Should this sum be granted, the rich treasures of this great collection can be made as well known to the world at large as they are to those who have the privilege of visiting the historical locality in which they are at present displayed.

An appendix to Petermann's *Mittheilungen*, recently published, contains the report of the journey of Gerhardt Rohlfs through North Africa, from Kutha to Lagos, and is illustrated by two maps, executed in the usual elegant style of every thing emanating from the establishment of Justus Perthes. The paper contains valuable additions to the general subject of the geography, physical character, and meteorology of Africa. Dr. Petermann states that a second German expedition (that of Buchholz, Lühder, and Reichenow) is at present occupied in moving from the Gulf of Benin northward into the country covered by the present report.

The second annual report of the Commissioners of Fisheries for the State of New Jersey, for 1872, has just been published, and contains an account of what the two commissioners, Drs. Slack and Howell, have done in the discharge of the trust committed to them by that State. Among the points which they bring to notice is the injury likely to result to the interest of the fisheries by the use of so destructive agencies as nitro-glycerine and cocculus indicus. To say nothing of the destruction of fish by these agents, these gentlemen present a startling picture of the amount of poaching carried on in the State. The commissioners announce that, through the active measures taken by the fish-wardens, all such engines of destruction as fish-baskets, brush weirs, etc., have disappeared from the New Jersey side of the Delaware River. The result was that the number of young shad descending the river has been greatly in excess of that of any previous year. They also call attention to the availability of the Delaware for the culture of the salmon, and express the hope that, through the agency of the United States Commissioner of Fisheries, this delicious fish will, before the lapse of many years, become almost as abundant as the shad.

General Banks has introduced into the House of Representatives a resolution instructing the Secretary of the Navy to make an examination and survey of that section of the American isthmus which lies between Valencia Point and the Changenola River, on the Atlantic side, and the Boca Chica, the Rio Pedrigal, and the upper part of Golfo Dolce, on the Pacific side. This is to include an examination of the intervening country, of the two cordilleras, and exploration of the courses of the rivers from their outlets to their sources, within the above limits, for the purpose of ascertaining the possibility of such a connection as may be feasible for the construction of an interoceanic canal.

The December number of Petermann's *Mittheilungen* includes an account of seven expeditions for polar research, which, starting out during the year 1872, have already safely returned. First among these is that of Wittscheck to Spitzbergen and Nova Zembla. The article then passes in review the discoveries of Hardemann, Johnson, and Nilsen to the east of Spitzbergen, then the voyage of Leigh Smith and Captain David Gray to West Spitzbergen and East Greenland. The second expedition of Whymper to East Greenland is then considered. In addition to these are mentioned the expedition from America under Captain Hall, and that of Payer and Weyprecht, which expected to pass the winter in the north, as also the Swedish expedition, of which such unsatisfactory news has lately been received. The article concludes by reference to the winter expedition of the *Albert*, which was sent out to the relief of the Swedish party under Nordenskjöld, and to the exploration which Captain Maack proposes to initiate as early in 1873 as possible, with a view of following out a route midway between Spitzbergen and Nova Zembla.

Professor Ehrenberg has lately presented to the Academy of Sciences of Berlin a compendium of the researches in which he has been engaged for many years past in reference to the microscopical life of the deep seas, the first report having been presented in 1836 to the Academy, and supplemented from time to time by additional communications. He acknowledges very thankfully the assistance rendered by persons of all nations, and especially in reference to the deposits of California and elsewhere in North America. Some of the richest material at his command was taken at a depth of 20,000 feet. The total number of distinct species determined by him in his various investigations amounts to 1435, while he has fragments of 172 others not accurately definable, but certainly additional, making a total of 1607 species. He takes the occasion to contest the existence of such bodies as the coccoliths, *Bathybius*, and *Eozoon canadensis*, etc. The paper concludes with a description of 299 new and additional species of infusoria from various parts of the world.

The Secretary of War has communicated to Congress the report of Major J. W. Barlow, United States army, who accompanied a surveying party of the North Pacific Railroad in its expedition down the Yellow Stone, and back to Fort Ellis. The surveying party consisted of about twenty men, under the command of Mr. Haydon, chief engineer, and the escort, commanded by Major E. M. Baker, embraced about 375 men, making the whole number about 400. The expedition started on the 26th of July, and proceeded through Bozeman's Pass to the Yellow Stone Valley, being harassed at almost every foot of the way by the Indians, whose hostility to the enterprise of the construction of the Northern Pacific Railroad is such that, according to General Sherman's indorsement, at least two full regiments of cavalry and as many of infantry will be necessary in future to guard and protect the working parties on the railroad.

The report of Major Powell of his survey along the Colorado of the West, during the year 1872, has just been printed by Congress, and embraces as its most striking feature an account of a remarkable series of folds and faults in the earth's strata, of the highest interest to the geologist. Numerous practical results of value are recorded, especially the discovery of coal, salt, and metals. Very large collections of special ethnological interest were gathered. An appropriation of $20,000 is asked for by the major to continue the work during the current year.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

In the United States Senate, February 17, the Naval Appropriation bill was passed. The Committee on Privileges and Elections reported that Alexander Caldwell was not duly and legally elected to a seat in the Senate of the United States by the Legislature of the State of Kansas. The committee, however, excused Mr. Caldwell on the ground that he was a novice in politics, and in the hands of men who encouraged him in the belief that Senatorial elections in Kansas were carried by the use of money. In the House several resolutions were acted on. Among them was one introducing a bill appropriating $65,000 for the College of William and Mary, at Williamsburg, Virginia, which was passed, as also was a bill incorporating and giving certain privileges to the America and East India Telegraph Company, which is to connect the American continent with Asia, the conditions for which are that the company shall begin operations in two years. The Agricultural College bill was also passed.—On February 18 the Poland Crédit Mobilier Investigating Committee reported its conclusions to the House, and recommended unanimously the expulsion of Messrs. James Brooks and Oakes Ames.—Three reports upon the Louisiana election case were presented from the Committee on Privileges and Elections of the Senate, February 20—a majority report, signed by Senators Carpenter, Logan, Anthony, and Alcorn; a second, signed by Senator Trumbull; and a third, by Senator Morton. The majority report declares neither Ray nor M'Millan elected, and recommends a new election. Mr. Wood moved a resolution in the House for the Judiciary Committee to report articles of impeachment against Vice-President Colfax, if the testimony warranted. The resolution was lost by a vote of 105 to 109. Mr. Tyler, of Indiana, then offered a resolution, which was adopted, referring the testimony taken before the Poland committee to the Judiciary Committee, with instructions to inquire whether any thing in such testimony warrants articles of impeachment against any officer of the United States not a member of the House, or makes it proper that further investigation should be ordered in his case.

Bills have been introduced in the New York State Legislature directing the Attorney-General to bring suits against the Erie Railroad for paying fraudulent dividends. In the Senate a committee has been appointed to inquire what money, if any, has been paid by the road for legislation.

The new jury law of this State has been declared constitutional by the Supreme Court, General Term.

The famous Jumel will case, that has been before the courts for a long time, has at length been decided in favor of the defendant, Nelson Chase.

FOREIGN NEWS.

The Swiss authorities have sent to the French frontier under escort the Rev. Mr. Mermillod, for insisting upon exercising his clerical functions despite their prohibition.

The Portuguese official organs deny that there is any movement in their territory to establish a republic.

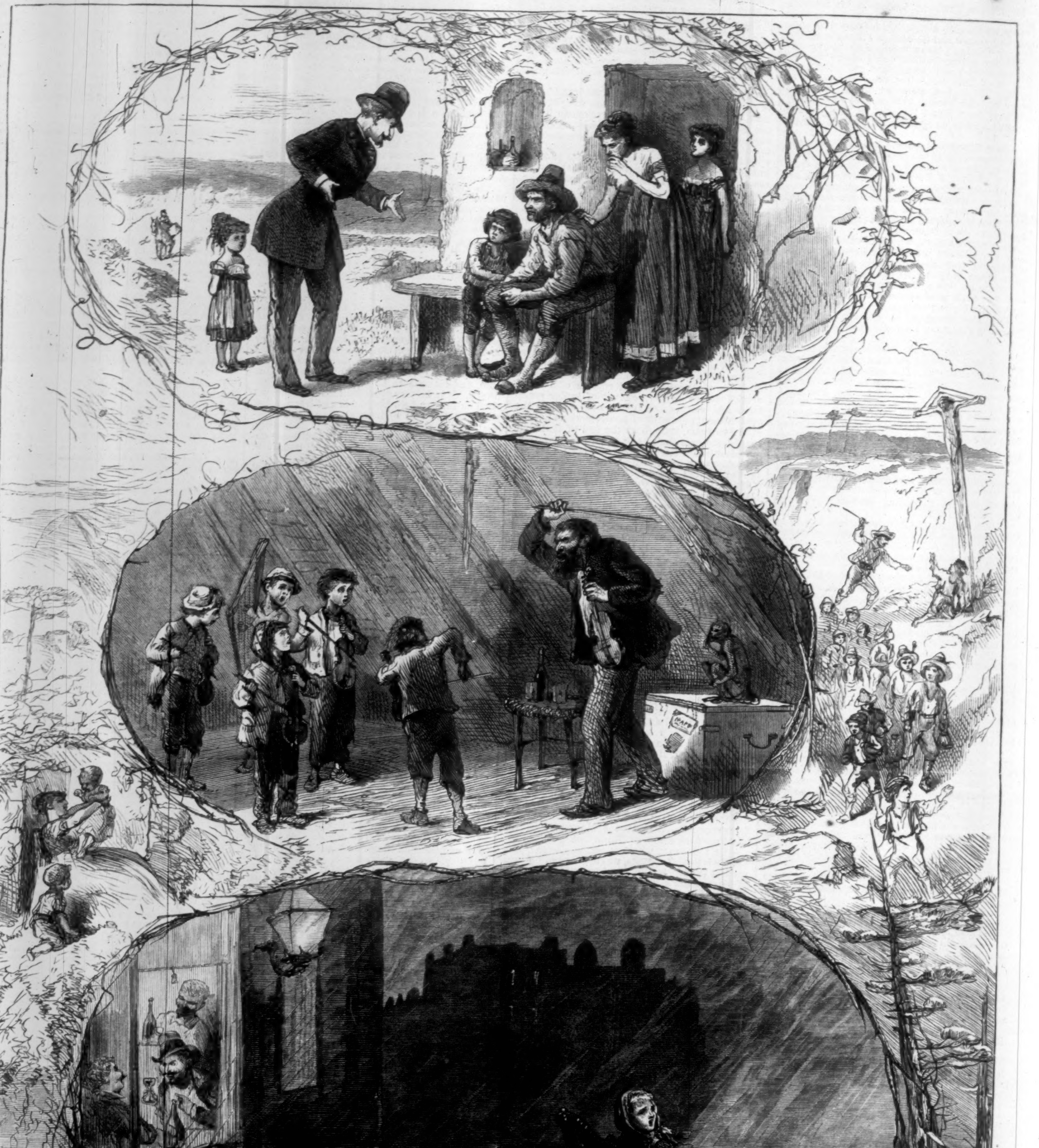
It has been decided by the Committee on Religious Corporations in the Italian Parliament to abolish the houses of the heads of religious orders, but to provide for their support, and indemnify them for loss of property.

An explosion occurred on February 18 in a Staffordshire coal mine, killing upward of twenty of the miners who were at work at the time.

The French government is vigorously enforcing the law against intemperance.

The army expenditures in Great Britain for the fiscal year 1873–74 are estimated at $66,157,000.

A café at Smyrna, located on the shore, was suddenly ingulfed by the waves recently, and two hundred persons were drowned.



ITALIAN MINSTREL BOYS AND THEIR MASTERS.—DRAWN BY SOL EYTINGE, JUN.—[SEE PAGE 191.]

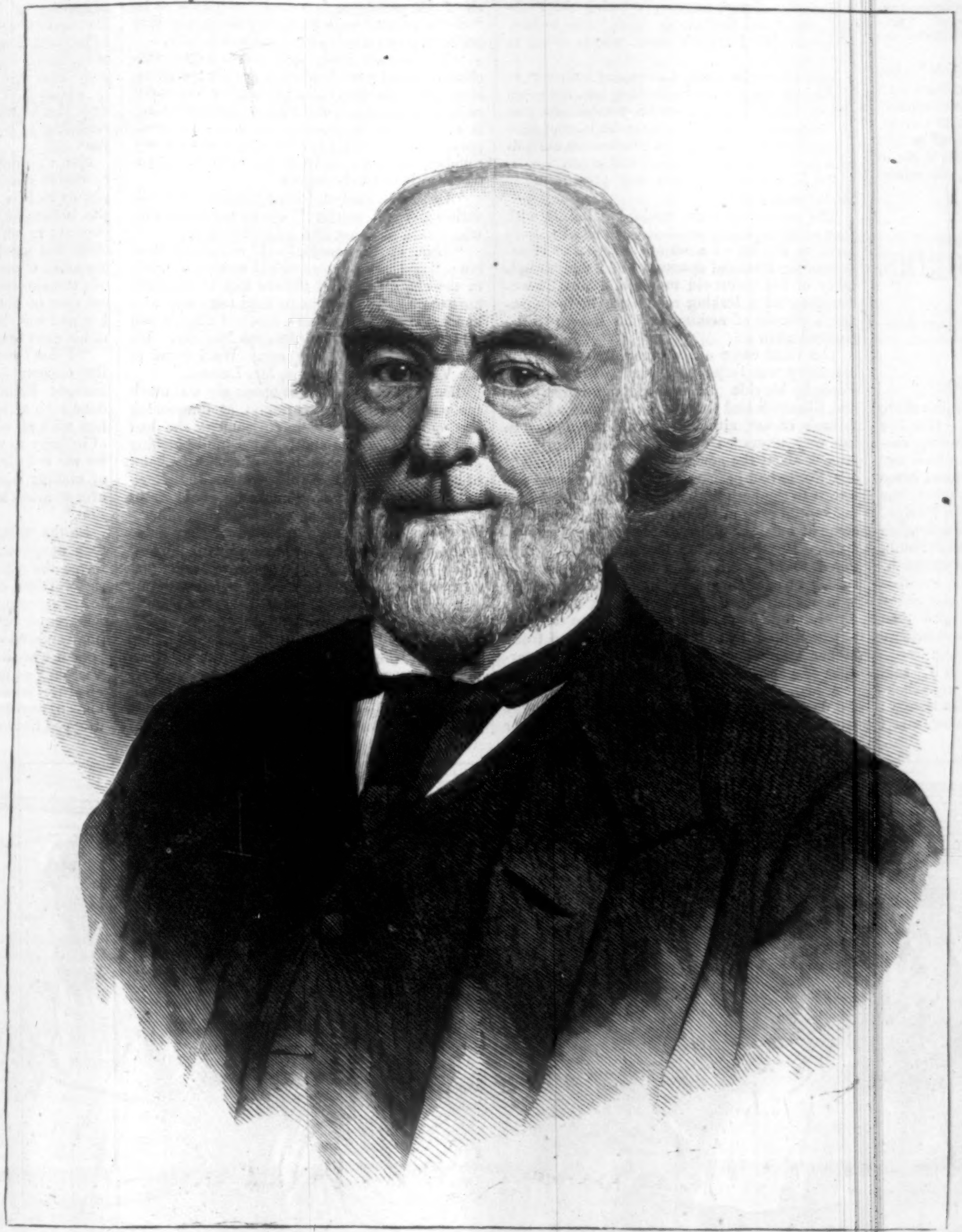
THE HON. JAMES L. ORR.

We give on this page the portrait of the Hon. James L. Orr, of South Carolina, our present minister to the court of Russia, to which position his nomination was confirmed by the Senate on the 12th of December last.

Mr. Orr was born May 12, 1822, at Craytonville, South Carolina. On both sides he is of Irish descent. His grandfather, John Orr, was a brave soldier in the Revolutionary war. His father, Christopher Orr, was a successful merchant, who devoted his means liberally to the education of his children. James began his studies at a very early age, and in his eighteenth year entered the University of Virginia. He left college in 1841, and the subsequent year entered the law-office of Judge Whitner. He was admitted to the bar in 1843, after a highly creditable examination, and began to practice at Anderson, where he also established and edited a newspaper.

Mr. Orr was elected to the State Legislature from his district in 1844, at the age of twenty-two, by a larger vote than was given to any other candidate in the State—a convincing evidence of his popularity in his own neighborhood. His very first speech was against nullification, which was the baby form of secession, and was received with great favor throughout the State. He became a candidate for Congress in 1848, and was elected, and for more than ten years he held his seat without opposition. While he deprecated the agitation of the slavery question, he was devoted to the Union. He was opposed to the compromise measures introduced and passed by the Thirty-first Congress. When South Carolina, in 1851, threatened to secede alone, he opposed the movement, and although the State seemed determined to go out of the Union, through his influence the current was stayed.

While a member of the Thirty-third Congress Mr. Orr was appointed chairman of the Committee on Indian Affairs, and made an elaborate report on the means of civilizing the tribes, which was adopted, in the case of some, with considerable success. He was a candidate for Speaker of the Thirty-fourth Congress, was elected to that position in the Thirty-fifth, and discharged its duties with great ability. During the secession excitement of 1859 and 1860 Mr. Orr was in favor of a separate confederation of the Southern States; and as a member of the South Carolina Convention which met in December, 1860, he voted in favor of the immediate and separate secession of his State. Since the close of the war he has, however, maintained a patriotic course of action, accepting the result of the conflict as final, and laboring to convince the people of the South that their best interests lie in the permanency of the Union. He took a leading part in the reconstruction of South Carolina, and in 1865 was elected Governor of that State over Wade Hampton, who represented the old spirit in Southern politics.



THE HON. JAMES L. ORR, UNITED STATES MINISTER TO RUSSIA.—[From a Photograph by E. W. Bogardus.]

AMERICA AND GREECE.

Last Christmas-day was made memorable to those on board the United States ship *Shenandoah*, Captain Wells, lying in the picturesque harbor of Piræus, by a visit from the King and Queen of Greece. The harbor was crowded with ships bearing the flags of nearly every maritime nation, and the *Shenandoah* was surrounded with Greek, Russian, French, and English men-of-war.

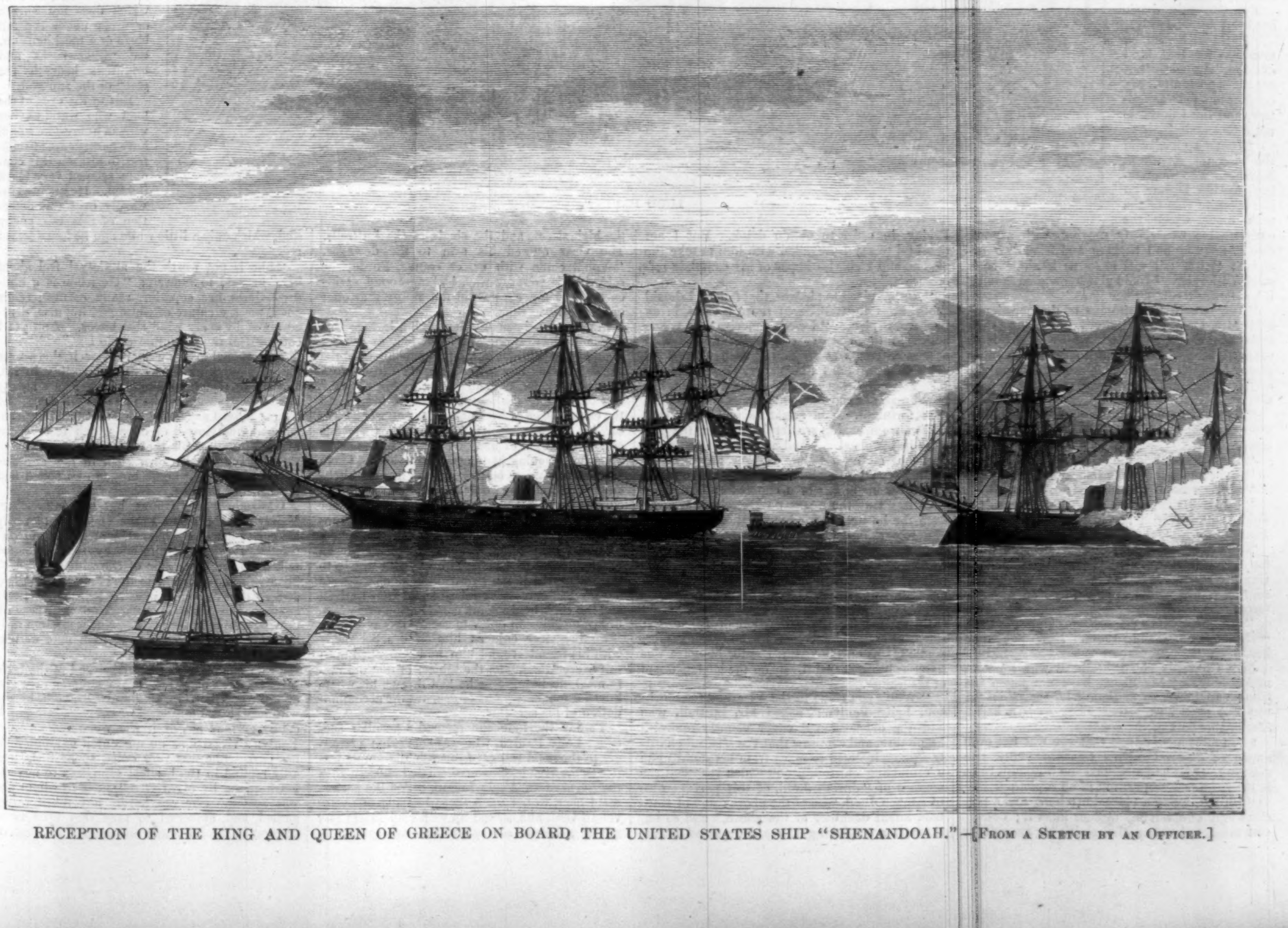
Early in the afternoon an elegant barge took the royal party from the "King's Landing," amidst a roar of cannon from the several ships, flags streamed from every mast-head, and every yard was manned by jubilant Jack Tars, who greeted the barge with hearty cheers as it passed. After the ceremony of presentation on the quarter-deck of the *Shenandoah*, all formalities were dispensed with, and the royal couple inspected the ship with great interest.

On adjourning to the cabin the King proposed the following toast, addressing himself to Captain Wells:

> "I present, through you, the congratulations of Greece to the great American nation. I extend my congratulations to the President of the great republic, which has been the constant, earnest friend of Greece, and she acknowledges, with gratitude, the friendship thus shown her. I drink, captain, to the health of the President of the United States."

In response, Captain Wells said:

> "Your Majesty. The kind sentiments which your Majesty has just expressed meet with a hearty response from every American present. The visit of the King and Queen to the vessel will be regarded as a compliment, not only to the President of the United States, but by my countrymen generally. Greece has always commanded our sympathy and friendship. As for the native country of the



RECEPTION OF THE KING AND QUEEN OF GREECE ON BOARD THE UNITED STATES SHIP "SHENANDOAH."—[From a Sketch by an Officer.]

Queen, she will bear me witness to the brotherhood existing between Russia and the United States. I present, as a sentiment, the health of their Majesties, the King and Queen of the Hellenes."

After seeing a drill at small-arms, their Majesties took leave, expressing entire satisfaction with the visit. The same royal honors were tendered them on their departure as on their arrival. Among the distinguished persons present on this occasion were the Prince of Denmark, uncle to the King, and the Hon. Mr. FRANCIS, our minister to Greece.

(Continued from No. 843, page 155.)

STRANGERS AND PILGRIMS.

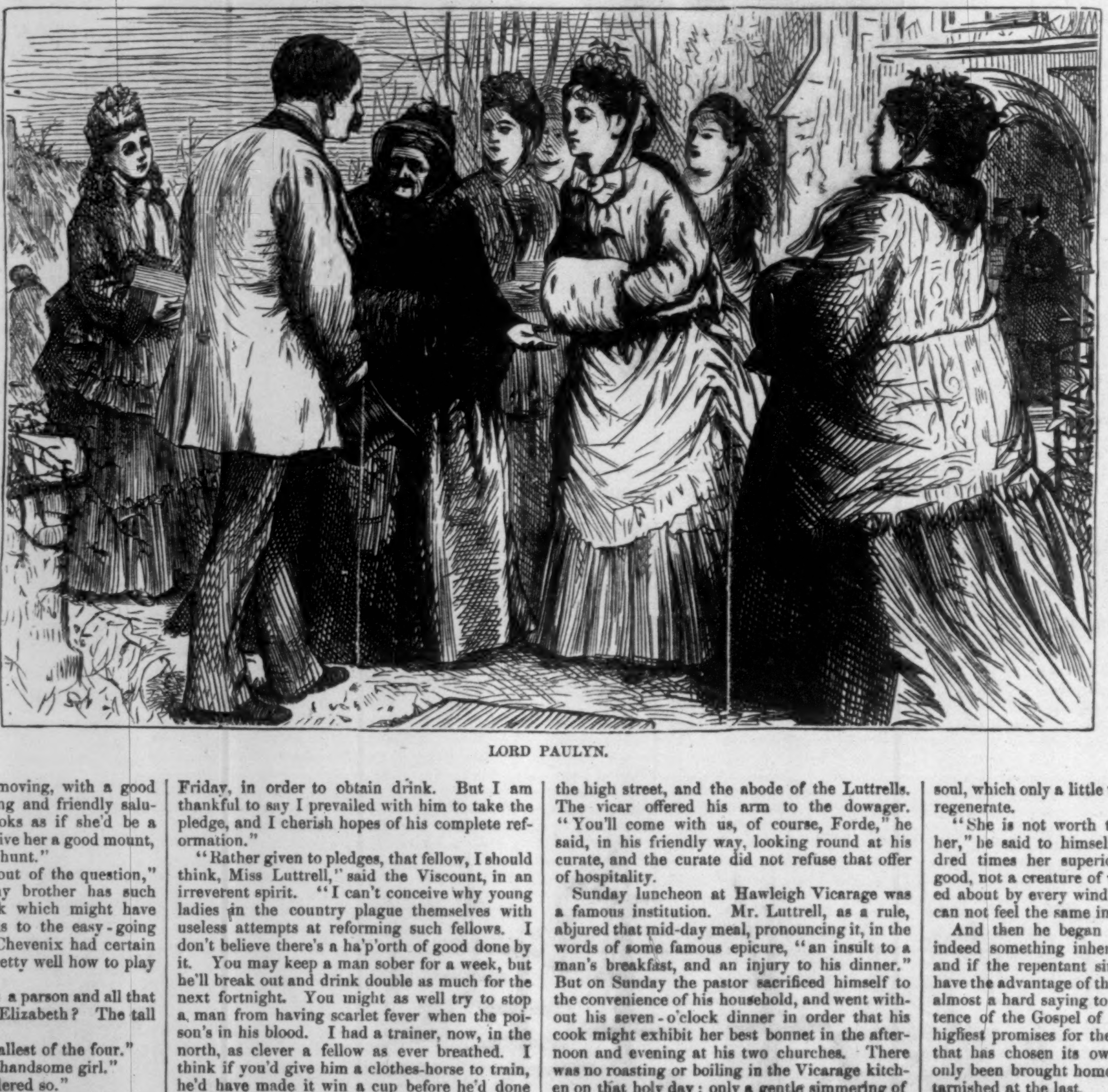
By MISS BRADDON,

AUTHOR OF "THE LOVELS OF ARDEN," "LADY AUDLEY'S SECRET," ETC.

CHAPTER VIII.—(*Continued.*)

SORELY mechanical was Mrs. Chevenix's share in the service after this discovery. Her lips murmured the responses with undeviating correctness. She escaped every pitfall which our form of prayer offers for the unwary, and came up to time at every point; but her mind was busy with curious thoughts about Lord Paulyn, and very little of the vicar's good old English sermon—a judicious solution of Tillotson, South, and Venn—found its way to her comprehension.

She contrived to steer her way down the aisle so as to emerge from the porch with her elbow against the elbow of Lord Paulyn, and then came radiant smiles of recognition, and intense astonishment at this unexpected meeting.



LORD PAULYN.

"There's nothing very remarkable in it," said the Viscount, while the Luttrell girls were shaking hands with Lady Paulyn and Miss Disney: "my mother lives down here, you know, and I generally come for a week or so in the huntin' season. Going to church is rather out of my line, I admit; but I sometimes do it here to gratify the mater. Any of your people live down here, Mrs. Chevenix?"

"Yes; I am staying with my brother, the vicar."

"Bless my soul! old Luttrell your brother, is he? I had no idea of that. Those girls belong to you, I suppose? Rather nice girls—talking to my mother."

"Those young ladies are my nieces."

"Uncommonly handsome girl, that tall one. We're rather noted for that sort of thing in the west: pilchards, clotted cream, and fine women are our staple. Pray introduce me to your nieces, Mrs. Chevenix. Do they hunt?"

Mrs. Chevenix shook her head despondently.

"Elizabeth has all the ambition for that kind of thing," she said, "but not the opportunity. My brother has four daughters, and the Church is not a Golconda."

"That's a pity," said the Viscount, staring at Elizabeth, who was talking to Miss Disney on the opposite side of the path, along which the congregation was slowly moving, with a good deal of nodding and becking and friendly salutation: "that tall girl looks as if she'd be a straightish rider. I could give her a good mount, if her father would let her hunt."

"That would be quite out of the question," said Mrs. Chevenix; "my brother has such strict notions"—a remark which might have sounded somewhat curious to the easy-going pastor himself; but Mrs. Chevenix had certain cards to play, and knew pretty well how to play them.

"Humph! I suppose so: a parson and all that kind of thing. Which is Elizabeth? The tall one?"

"Yes, Elizabeth is the tallest of the four."

"She's an uncommonly handsome girl."

"She is generally considered so."

"Egad, so she ought to be. There wasn't a girl to compare with her in this year's betting. Introduce me, please, Mrs. Chevenix."

The matron hesitated, as if this demand were hardly agreeable to her. "I think the introduction would come better from Lady Paulyn," she said, "as my nieces appear to be on friendly terms with her."

"Oh, very well; my mother can present me—it comes to the same thing. Don't you know her?"

Mrs. Chevenix shook her head with a gentle melancholy. "My nieces have not taken the trouble to make us acquainted," she said; "I was not even aware that Lady Paulyn had a seat in this part of the country."

She might have added that she was not even aware of Lady Paulyn's existence until this morning. She had supposed the Viscount to be in the independent position of an orphan.

"Oh yes, we've a place down here, and a precious ugly one, but my mother likes it; doesn't cost much to keep up, though it's big enough for a barrack.—I say, mother," crossing the pathway, which was now nearly clear, "this is Mrs. Chevenix, Mr. Luttrell's sister, who is dying to know you."

Mrs. Chevenix made a sweeping courtesy, as if she had some idea of subsiding into unknown depths below the time-worn tombstones that paved the pathway. The lavender bonnet gave a little friendly nod, and the Viscountess extended a paw in a crumpled black kid glove.

"And now, mother, you may present me to these young ladies."

The presentation was made, but hardly with that air of cordiality which it was Lady Paulyn's habit to employ as a set-off against the closeness of her financial operations and the inhospitality of her gaunt old mansion. Mrs. Chevenix detected a lurking reluctance in the dowager's manner of making her son known to the Luttrell girls.

The vicar came out of the porch while this ceremony was being performed, with Malcolm Forde by his side. There were more greetings, and Elizabeth had time to shake hands with her father's curate, although Lord Paulyn was in the very utterance of some peculiarly original remark about the general dullness of Hawleigh. Mr. Forde had been very kind to her since her return to the path he had chalked out for her—deferential even in his manner, as if she had become at once the object of his gratitude and respect. But he had no opportunity of saying much to Elizabeth just now, though she had turned at once to greet him, and had forgotten to notice Lord Paulyn's remark about Hawleigh; for Gertrude plunged immediately into the usual parish talk, held forth upon the blessed fruits of her late labors as manifest in the appearance of a certain Job Smithers in the free seats: "A man who was almost an infidel, dear Mr. Forde, and used to take his children's Sunday frocks to the pawnbroker's every Thursday or Friday, in order to obtain drink. But I am thankful to say I prevailed with him to take the pledge, and I cherish hopes of his complete reformation."

"Rather given to pledges, that fellow, I should think, Miss Luttrell," said the Viscount, in an irreverent spirit. "I can't conceive why young ladies in the country plague themselves with useless attempts at reforming such fellows. I don't believe there's a ha'p'orth of good done by it. You may keep a man sober for a week, but he'll break out and drink double as much for the next fortnight. You might as well try to stop a man from having scarlet fever when the poison's in his blood. I had a trainer, now, in the north, as clever a fellow as ever breathed. I think if you'd give him a clothes-horse to train, he'd have made it win a cup before he'd done with it. But there was no keeping him away from the bottle. I tried every thing—talked to him like a father, supplied him with Château Lafitte, to try and get him off brandy—but it was no use, and the stupid beggar had one attack of D. T. after another, till he went off his head altogether, and had to be locked up."

This improving anecdote Lord Paulyn apparently related for the edification of Elizabeth; since, although he began by addressing Gertrude, it was on the younger sister his gaze was fixed as he dwelt plaintively on the hapless doom of his trainer.

"Won't you come to the Vicarage for luncheon, Lady Paulyn?" asked Mr. Luttrell, who had the old-fashioned eager country-squireish hospitality, and who saw that the Viscount hardly seemed inclined to move from his stand upon a crumbling old tombstone which recorded the decease of "Josiah Judd, of this parish; also of Amelia Judd, wife of the above; and of Hannah, infant daughter of the above," and so on, through a perplexing string of departed Judds, all of this parish—a fact dwelt upon as if to be "of this parish" were an earthly distinction that ought to prove a passport to eternal felicity.

"You're very kind," said the dowager, graciously, "and your luncheons are always excellent; but I shouldn't like to have the horses out so late on a Sunday, and Parker, my coachman, is a Primitive Methodist, and makes a great point of attending his own chapel once every Sunday. I like to defer to my servants' prejudices in these small matters."

"Oh, Lady Paulyn, I hope you don't call salvation a small matter!" ejaculated Gertrude, who would have lectured an archbishop.

"Hang Parker's prejudices!" cried Lord Paulyn; "and as to those two old screws of yours in the chariot, I don't believe any thing could hurt them. They ought to have been sent to a knacker's yard five years ago. I always call that wall-eyed gray the Ancient Mariner. He holds me with his glassy eye. We'll come to the Vicarage, by all means, Mr. Luttrell."

The dowager gave way at once; she was much too wise to make any attempt at dragooning this only son, for whose enrichment she had pinched and scraped and hoarded until pinching and scraping and hoarding had become the habit of her mind. Too well did she know that Reginald Paulyn was a young man who would go his own way; that her small economies, her domestic cheese-paring and flint-skinning, were as so many drops of water as compared with the vast ocean of his expenditure; yet she went on economizing with ineffable patience, and thought no day ill spent in which she had saved a shilling between sunrise and sunset.

They all moved away in the direction of the Vicarage, which, unlike the usual run of vicarages, was somewhat remote from the church.

There was a walk of about a quarter of a mile between St. Clement's, which stood just within the West Bar, a gray old archway at the end of the high street, and the abode of the Luttrells. The vicar offered his arm to the dowager. "You'll come with us, of course, Forde," he said, in his friendly way, looking round at his curate, and the curate did not refuse that offer of hospitality.

Sunday luncheon at Hawleigh Vicarage was a famous institution. Mr. Luttrell, as a rule, abjured that mid-day meal, pronouncing it, in the words of some famous epicure, "an insult to a man's breakfast, and an injury to his dinner." But on Sunday the pastor sacrificed himself to the convenience of his household, and went without his seven-o'clock dinner in order that his cook might exhibit her best bonnet in the afternoon and evening at his two churches. There was no roasting or boiling in the Vicarage kitchen on that holy day: only a gentle simmering of curries and fricassees, prepared overnight; nor was there any regular dinner, but, by way of substitute therefor, a high tea at eight o'clock, a pleasant, easy-going banquet, which had been much affected by former curates. But woe be to the household if the two-o'clock luncheon were not a select and savory repast! and Miss Luttrell and the cook held solemn consultation every Saturday morning in order to secure this result.

So the vicar enjoyed himself every Sunday with his friends round him, and bemoaned himself every Monday on the subject of that untimely meal, declaring that he had thrown his whole internal machinery out of gear for the accommodation of his servants.

To-day the luncheon seemed a peculiar success. Lady Paulyn, who was somewhat a stranger to the good things of this life, did ample justice to the viands, devoured curried chicken with the gusto of an Anglo-Indian, called the parlor-maid back to her for a second supply of oyster vol-au-vent, and wound up with cold sirloin and winter salad in a manner that was eminently suggestive of indigestion. Lord Paulyn had the modern appetite, which is of the weakest, trifled with a morsel of curry, drank a good deal of Seltzer-and-brandy, and enjoyed himself amazingly after his manner, entertaining Elizabeth, by whose side he had contrived to be seated, with the history of his Yorkshire stable, and confiding to her his lofty hopes for the coming year.

She was not particularly interested in this agreeable discourse; but she could see, just as plainly as Mrs. Chevenix saw, that the Viscount was impressed by her beauty, and it was not unpleasant to her to have made such an impression upon that patrician mind, even if it were merely the affair of an hour. Nor was she unconscious of a certain steady watchfulness in the dark deep-set eyes of Malcolm Forde, who sat opposite to her, and was singularly inattentive to the remarks of his next neighbor, Gertrude.

"I don't suppose his perfect woman ever had the opportunity of flirting with a viscount," thought Elizabeth, "or that she would have done such a thing if she had. I like to horrify him with an occasional glimpse of those depths of iniquity to which *I* can descend. If he cared for me a little, now, and there was any chance of making him jealous, the pleasure would be ever so much keener: but that is out of the question."

So the reformed Elizabeth, the Christian pastor's daughter, who visited the poor, and comforted the afflicted, and supported the heads of sick children on her bosom, and read the Gospel to the ignorant, and did in some vague undeterminate manner struggle toward the higher, purer life, vanished altogether, giving place to a young person who improved her opportunity with the Viscount as dextrously as if she had been bred up at the knees of Aunt Chevenix, and had never known any loftier philosophy than that which dropped from those worldly lips. Malcolm Forde looked on and shuddered. "And for such a woman I had almost been false to the memory of Alice Fraser!"

It must not be supposed that Elizabeth's iniquity was of an outrageous nature. She was only listening with an air of profound interest to Lord Paulyn's stable talk, even trying to comprehend the glory of possessing a horse entered for next year's Derby, about which fifteen to two had been freely taken at Manchester during the autumn, and who was likely to advance in the betting after Christmas. She was only smiling radiantly upon a young man she had never seen until that morning—only receiving the homage of admiring eyes with a gracious air of unconsciousness: like some splendid flower which does not shrink or droop under the full blaze of a meridian sun, but rather basks and brightens beneath the glory of the sun-god.

But to the eyes of the man who watched her with an interest he would have hardly cared to confess to himself this conduct seemed very black indeed. He groaned inwardly over the defection of this fair young soul, which only a little while ago he had deemed regenerate.

"She is not worth the anxiety I feel about her," he said to himself: "Gertrude is a hundred times her superior, really earnest, really good, not a creature of whim and impulse, drifted about by every wind that blows. And yet I can not feel the same interest in her."

And then he began to wonder if there were indeed something inherently interesting in sin, and if the repentant sinner must needs always have the advantage of the just person. It seemed almost a hard saying to him, that touching sentence of the Gospel of hope which reserves its highest promises for the willful, passionate soul that has chosen its own road in life, and has only been brought home broken and soiled and tarnished at the last.

Gertrude was virtuous, but not interesting. Vainly did Malcolm Forde endeavor to apply his ear to her discourse. His attention was distracted, in spite of himself, by that animated talk upon the other side of the wide oval table; his eyes wandered now to the handsome, sensual face of the Viscount, now to Elizabeth's lively countenance, which expressed no weariness of that miserable horsey talk. Nor was Mr. Forde the only person present who took note of that animated conversation.

From her place at the farther end of the table Miss Disney's calm blue eyes wandered ever and anon toward her kinsman and Elizabeth, hardly with any show of interest or concern, but with a coldly curious air, as if she wondered at Lord Paulyn's vivacity as an unwonted exhibition on his part. She was very quiet, spoke little, and only replied in the briefest sentences to any remark made by Mr. Luttrell, next to whom she was seated. She ate hardly any thing, rarely smiled, and appeared to take very little more interest in the life about and around her than if she had been, indeed, a waxen image, impervious to pain or pleasure.

Luncheon came to an end at last, after being drawn out to a point that seemed intolerable to the curate. St. Mary's bells sounded in the distance, from the eastern end of the large straggling town. There was only a short afternoon service: the litany, and a catechising of the children, which Mr. Luttrell himself rarely attended, deeming that perambulatory examination of small scholars—the hearing of collect, epistle, and gospel, stumbled through with more or less blundering by monotonous treble voices—a task peculiarly adapted to the curate mind. So, as soon as grace had been said, Mr. Forde rose quietly, shook hands with Gertrude, and slipped away, not unseen by Elizabeth.

"There's a good deal of that fellow for a curate," said Lord Paulyn, casting a lazy glance after the retreating figure; "he ought to have been a Life-Guardsman."

"Mr. Forde has been in the army," Elizabeth answered, coldly.

"I thought as much, and in a cavalry regiment, of course. He has the 'long sword, saddle, bridle' walk. What made him take to the Church? The army's bad enough—stiff examinations, bad pay, hard work; but it must be better than the Church. What made him change his profession?"

"Mr. Forde has not taken the trouble to acquaint the world with his motives," said Elizabeth, with increasing coldness.

Lord Paulyn looked at her curiously. She seemed somewhat sensitive upon the subject of this tall curate. Was there any thing between them, he wondered—a flirtation, an engagement even perhaps. He had caught the curate's glance wandering her way several times during the banquet.

"Egad, the fellow has good taste," thought Lord Paulyn. "She's the prettiest woman I ever saw, bar none, and is no end too good for a snuffling parson. I'll make that old Chevenix tell me all about it presently."

"That old Chevenix" had been trying to make her way with the dowager during the lengthy meal, entertaining her with little scraps of town-talk and small lady-like scandal; not virulent vulgar slander, but good-natured genial kind of gossip, touching lightly upon the failings and *faux pas* of one's acquaintance, deploring their little infirmities and mistaken courses with a friendly compassionate spirit essentially Christian. But she was mortified to discover that her small efforts to amuse were futile. The dowager would not acknowledge acquaintance with one of the people Mrs. Chevenix talked about, or the faintest interest in those public characters, the shining lights of the great world, about whose private life every well-regulated British mind is supposed to be curious.

"I don't know her," said this impracticable old woman; "I never met him; I'm not acquainted with 'em;" until the soul of the Chevenix sank within her, for she was ardently desirous of establishing friendly relations with this perverse dowager.

"I'm a Devonshire woman, and I only know Devonshire people," she said, ruthlessly cutting short one of the choicest stories that had been current in the last London season.

"Then you must know the Trepethericks!" exclaimed Mrs. Chevenix, in her gushing way; "dear Lady Trepetherick is a sweet woman, and one of my best friends; and Sir Charles—what a thorough independent-minded Englishman!"

"I never heard of 'em," said the dowager, bluntly; and Mrs. Chevenix was hardly sorry when the conclusion of the meal brought her hopeless endeavors to a close.

"I can't keep those horses waiting any longer," said this ungrateful old woman, as she rose from the table, after having eaten to repletion. "Will you tell them to bring my carriage directly, Reginald?"

"Nonsense, mother; the horses are in the stable, and much better off than they'd be at Ashcombe, I dare say," answered the Viscount. "I'm not coming home for an hour. Miss Luttrell is going to show me the garden, and an ancient turret that was part of Hawleigh Castle."

"Miss Luttrell is at the other end of the room," said the dowager, grimly, perceiving that her son's gaze was rooted to Elizabeth.

"Miss Elizabeth, then," said that young man. "You'll show me the garden, won't you?"

"There's not much worth your looking at."

"Oh yes, there is: a man would travel a long way to see as much," cried the Viscount, significantly; and then, thinking that his admiration had been somewhat too direct, he went on—"a medieval tower, you know, and all that kind of thing. But you needn't wait for me, mother, if you're really anxious to get home. I'll find my way back to Ashcombe somehow."

"What, walk seven miles between this and dinner-time!" exclaimed the dowager.

"There are circumstances under which a man might do as much," answered the Viscount; "and the Ashcombe dinners are not banquets which I hold in extreme reverence."

Lady Paulyn sighed despondently. It was a hard thing to have toiled for such an ingrate.

"I'll wait for you, Reginald," she said, with a resigned air. "Parker must lose his afternoon service for once in a way. I dare say he'll give me warning to-morrow morning."

So Lord Paulyn went into the garden with Elizabeth, longing sorely for the solacement of a cigar, even in that agreeable society. He made the circuit of grounds in which there was very little to see in the month of November; went into the orchard, which he pronounced "rather a jolly little place," and contemplated the landscape to be seen therefrom; examined the moss-grown tower which flanked the low white house, and uttered divers critical remarks which did not show him to be a profound student of archæology.

"Nice old place for a smoking crib," he said. "What do you use it for? lumber-room, or coal or wine cellar—eh?"

"My sister Blanche and I sleep in it," replied Elizabeth, laughing: "I wouldn't change my tower-room for any other in the house."

"Ah, but you'll change it, you know, one of these days when you have a house of your own; and such a girl as you must look forward to something better than this old Vicarage."

"I am quite satisfied with the surroundings that are good enough for the rest of my family," said Elizabeth, with her proudest air; "and I have never looked forward to any thing of the kind."

"Oh, but, come now, really, you know," remonstrated the Viscount, "a girl like you can't mean to be buried alive forever. You ought to see the world—Ascot, you know, and Goodwood, and the Oxford and Cambridge boat-race, and the pigeon-shooting at Hurlingham. You can't intend to mope in this dreary old place all your life. I don't mean to say any thing against your father's house, and I'm sure he gave us an uncommonly good luncheon; but this kind of life is not up to *your* mark, you know."

Here was a second counselor suggesting that the life Elizabeth Luttrell lived was not good enough for her, urging upon her the duty of rising above her surroundings; but in a somewhat different spirit from that other adviser whom she had of late pretended to obey. And this foolish impressionable soul was but too ready to follow the new guide, too ready to admit that it was a hard thing to be fettered to the narrow life of a country parsonage, to be cut off forever from that brighter world of Ascot and Goodwood. It was not that she considered the Viscount at all a superior person. She was quite able to perceive that this heir of all the ages and all the Paulyns was made of very vulgar clay; but she knew that he was a potentate in that unknown world whose pleasures she had sometimes longed for with an intense longing, and it was not unpleasant to hear from experience that she was worthy to shine there.

She was not alone with the Viscount in the garden even for half an hour. The proprieties must be observed in Devonshire as well as in Belgravia. Mrs. Chevenix was taking a constitutional with Diana close at hand while Elizabeth and the lordling were strolling along the garden walks, and making the circuit of the orchard. The dowager had also hobbled out by this time, with Mr. Luttrell in attendance upon her, not too well pleased at being cut off from the sweets of his afternoon nap.

"I might as well be catechising the children as doing this," he thought, dolefully. But there is an end of all social self-sacrifice, and the lumbering old yellow chariot came grinding over the carriage drive at last, whereupon Lady Paulyn declared that she *must* go.

"I am sure we have had a vastly agreeable visit," she said, wagging her ancient head graciously, and softening at her departure with a grateful recollection of that toothsome vol-au-vent. "You must all come and dine with me one of these days." This was a vague kind of invitation, which the Luttrells had heard before; a shadowy coin, wherewith the dowager paid off small obligations.

"Yes, mother," cried Lord Paulyn, eagerly; "you'd better ask Mr. Luttrell and the young ladies, and—er—Mrs. Chevenix to dine with you some day next week, while I'm at Ashcombe, you know. It's deuced dull there unless we're lucky enough to get nice people. What day will suit you, eh, Mr. Luttrell?"

"Hilda shall write Miss Luttrell a little note," said the dowager, graciously; "Hilda writes all my little notes."

"Notes be hanged!" exclaimed Lord Paulyn; "why not settle it now? You are not going to give a party, you know; you never do. Come, Luttrell, name your day for bringing over the young ladies. There'll be nobody to meet you, unless it's Chapman, the Ashcombe parson, a very good fellow, and an uncommonly hard rider. Will Thursday suit you? that's an off-day with me. You might come over to luncheon, and do the family pictures, if you care about that dingy school of art; couldn't you?" this to Elizabeth.

"The Misses Luttrell have seen our picture-gallery, Reginald," said the dowager.

"Well, never mind, they can see it again. I know those old portraits—a collection of ancient mugs—are not much worth looking at; but in the country, you know, one must do something; it's a good way of getting through a winter's afternoon. And I can teach you bezique, if you don't know it"—this to the damsels generally, but with a special glance for Elizabeth. "We'll say Thursday, then, at two o'clock; and mind, we shall expect you all, sha'n't we, mother?"

He hoisted her into the chariot before she could gainsay him, and in a manner extinguished her and any objection she might have been disposed to offer.

"What a charming young man!" exclaimed Mrs. Chevenix, as the chariot rumbled away, after a very cordial adieu from the Viscount, and a somewhat cold leave-taking from Hilda Disney. "So frank, so easy, so unassuming, so utterly unconscious of his position; one would never discover from his manner that he was one of the richest noblemen in England, and that the Paulyns are as old a family as the Percys."

"I don't see any special merit in that," said Mr. Luttrell, laughing; "a man can hardly go about the world labeled with the amount of his income, or wear his genealogical tree embroidered upon the back of his coat. The young fellow is well enough—seems good-natured and friendly; but I can not say that the manners of the present day impress me by their elegance or their polish, if I am to take Lord Paulyn as a fair sample of your modern fine gentleman."

"The fine gentleman is as extinct as the megatherium, Wilmot; he went out with high collars and black satin stocks. The qualities we appreciate nowadays are ease and savoir-faire. If poor George the Fourth could come to life again, with his grand manner, what an absurd creature we should all think the first gentleman of Europe!"

"I am sorry for our modern taste, then, my dear," answered the vicar; "but as Lord Paulyn seems inclined to be civil, I suppose we must make the best of him. I wish he'd spend more of his time down here, and keep up the old house as it ought to be kept, for the good of the neighborhood."

"Oh, you blind old mole!" thought Mrs. Chevenix, as Mr. Luttrell retired to his den—a little bit of a room at the end of the house, with a latticed window looking down upon the sloping orchard, a window that faced the western sun, and warmed the room pleasantly upon a winter afternoon. There was a tiny fire-place in a corner; a capacious arm-chair; a writing-table, at which the vicar hammered out his weekly sermons, when he treated his congregation to a new one; a battered old book-case, containing a few books of reference, and Mr. Luttrell's college classics, with the cribs that had assisted him therewith. Here he was wont to slumber peacefully on a Sabbath afternoon until Blanche brought him a cup of strong tea, and told him it was time to think about evening service.

Mrs. Chevenix ensconced herself in her favorite chair by the drawing-room fire, with a banner screen carefully adjusted for the protection of her complexion, and sat for a long time slowly fanning herself and meditating on the events of the day. That Lord Paulyn was impressed by her niece's beauty—in modern phraseology, hard hit—the astute widow had no doubt; but, on the other hand, he might be a young man who was in the habit of being hard hit by every pretty girl he met, and the impression might result in nothing. Yet that invitation to Ashcombe, about which he had shown such eagerness, indicated something serious. It might be a question of time, perhaps. If the young man staid long enough in the neighborhood, there was no saying what brilliant result might come of the admiration which he had exhibited to-day with such a delightful candor.

"How very odd that you should never have seen Lord Paulyn before, Blanche!" said Mrs. Chevenix to her youngest niece, who was sitting on the hearth-rug making believe to read a volume of Sunday literature.

"It's not particularly odd, auntie, for he very seldom comes here; and when he does come—about once in two years, perhaps—it's only for the hunting. I never saw him in church before to-day, that I can remember."

"But it is still more strange that I should never have heard you speak of his mother."

"Oh, she's a stingy old thing, and we don't any of us care for her. We only see her about twice a year, and there's no reason we should talk about her. She's an uninteresting old party."

"My dearest Blanche, ease of manner is one thing and vulgarity is another: I wish you would bear in mind that distinction. Party, except in its legal or collective sense, is a word I abhor; and a girl of your age would do well to adopt a more respectful tone in speaking of your superiors in the social scale."

"I really can't be respectful about old Lady Paulyn, aunt. We had a house-maid from Ashcombe: and oh, the stories she told me about that dreadful house! They'd make your hair stand on end. I wonder what they'll give us for dinner next Thursday! Barley-broth, perhaps, and boiled leg of mutton."

"Blanche, I beg that you will desist from such flippant chatter. Lady Paulyn may be eccentric, but she is a lady whose notice it is an honor to receive. Do you know how long Lord Paulyn usually stays at Ashcombe?"

"He doesn't usually stay there, aunt. He has been there once in two years, as far as I know; and has staid for a fortnight or three weeks. I've heard people say that he cares for nothing but horses, and that he spends his life in going from one race-meeting to another."

"A thorough Englishman's taste," said Mrs. Chevenix, approvingly. If she had been told that he was an amateur house-breaker, or had a passion for garroting, she would have hardly blamed his weakness. "But I have no doubt he will give up that sort of thing when he marries."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

ITALIAN MINSTREL BOYS.

Few people are aware of the cruel trade in Italian boys by which the ranks of our little street harpists and violinists are recruited, of which our artist gives such a graphic *exposé* in the series of illustrations on page 188. The recruiting agent is generally a person of pleasant address, who, by means of fair promises of fortune and good treatment, induces poor parents to part with their children. Once in his power, and with the ocean between them and their home, their trials begin. They are subjected to the most cruel treatment, scantily clothed, half starved, beaten and abused, and deprived of all their earnings.

The Italian government has endeavored to put a stop to this trade in flesh and blood, but hitherto without much success. The most stringent laws prohibit, under severe penalties, the deportation of children from Italian sea-ports, but the agents evade these laws and penalties by enticing the children over the border into Switzerland or France. They are then taken to some sea-port town and shipped to England or America. Why should not the governments of these countries co-operate with the Italian authorities in repressing this atrocious cruelty? The men who bring these children to our shores make large sums of money out of their misery and wretchedness. The poor little fellows do not know how to protect themselves. They can not speak our language. They have no homes but the miserable garrets where their masters lodge them. If they run away they have no better place to run to, and many a poor little fellow, unused to our hard winters, has found the grave the only haven of rest from his wretchedness. Such things ought not to be tolerated in Christian lands.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

It having been reported that a gentleman was heard pounding his wife's mother one morning, a correspondent of the local paper came to his rescue as follows: "The fact that a mouse spent the night in making his nest in Mr. ——'s boot occasioned all the stamping the next morning, and gave rise to the report that he was reconstructing his mother-in-law."

The best Color for Faces—Water-color.

Women in Arms—Well, that's as it ought to be.

"Where there's a will there's away," as the young man said when he eloped with the fair legatee.

"I live in my love's eye," said languishing Jones. "I believe you, my boy," said rude Brown, "*for she's got a sty in it.*"

Con. for Country Justices.—How many acres go to make a wiseacre?

An Irish process-server, proverbially smart even among that smart race, who had a writ to serve, ascertained that the defendant was dead. Tossing the summons over the wall of the cemetery, he made return upon the writ that he had left the summons at the last and usual place of abode.

To all whom it may concern.—Some people who set up for being funny fellows had much better sit down again.

Most shoe-makers are obliged to "stick to their awl," because it's *all* they have to stick to.

Quiet girls will be pleased to hear that a new color will be much worn this season, which is described as a subdued mouse color.

There have been many arguments lately as to whether the "Crom" in Cromwell should be pronounced *Crum*, and some old gentlemen have got quite crusty about it.

A Word to the Wise—Keep so.

In speaking of a local debating society a country paper says, "Our town debating club is in full swing, and questions that have engrossed the intellectual functions of sages ever since the flood are being decided at the rate of two a week."

How to turn People's Heads—Come to a concert late in thick boots.

A serious Turn—Twisting one's neck.

Young ladies use powder perhaps because they think it will make them go off.

Is it not strange that contractors should be engaged to widen streets?

Suitable Garments for Winter—The *close* of the year.

When are cricketers most likely to stick to their stumps?—When their wickets are pitched.

"Take your departure to the abode of the reverberating echoes of heaven's artillery!" angrily exclaimed a Western Congressman to an opponent; "or," he mildly added, "in plain English, go to thunder!"

Model wives formerly took a "stitch in time;" now, with the aid of sewing-machines, they take one in no time.

There is a man who keeps a list of all the banks in the country, so as to be able to say that he keeps a bank account.

"Keep 'em alive, boy! keep 'em alive!" said an old physician to his young brother practitioner. "Dead men pay no bills."

Said a man who tumbled out of a third-story window, "When I first fell I was confused; but when I struck the pavement I knew where I was."

Relative Beauty—A pretty cousin.

"See Naples and die," says the proud old Italian proverb. "I didn't quite die," commented a profane American, "but I did very nearly. The smell was awful."

An inventor of boots with which to walk on the water made a public experiment in Paris recently, when, says the account, the boots indeed floated, but the inventor, with his head under water, seemed to be carrying on a conversation with the fishes, which would probably have ended with his suffocation if a boat had not picked him up.

The great Object of Life—A giant.

Doubtful Respectability.—After asking your name, in the State of Arkansas, the natives are in the habit of further inquiring, in a confidential tone, "Well, now, what was your name afore yer moved to these parts?"

Fancy Bread for the Army—The roll of the drum.

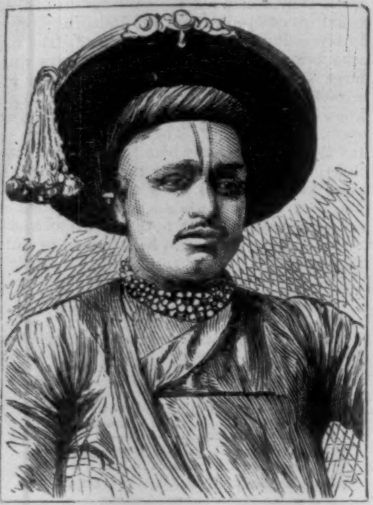
Motto for a Tea-Dealer—Honest tea is the best policy.

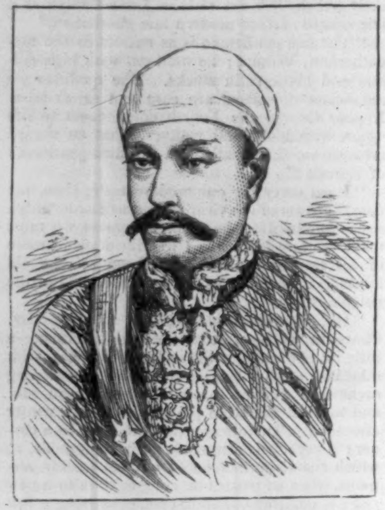
Con.—Why does a coop for poultry resemble a dirty quill?—Because it is a foul pen.

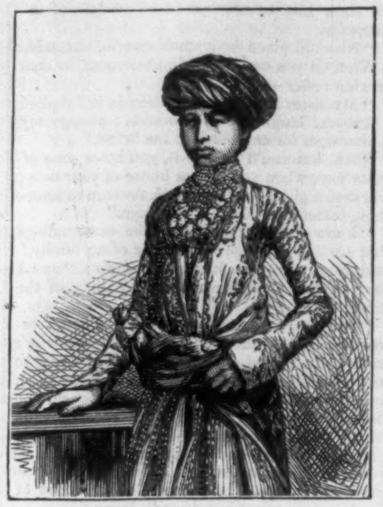
Just so.—When a man wants money or assistance, the world, as a rule, is very obliging and indulgent, and—lets him want it.

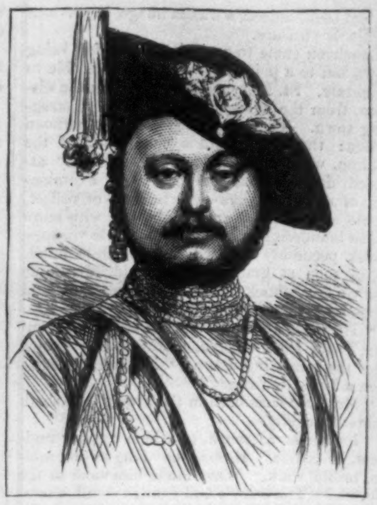
A hopeful Alderman.—An alderman of a country town, being invited to attend a centennial jubilee, replied, "I can't attend this one, but I'll go next time."

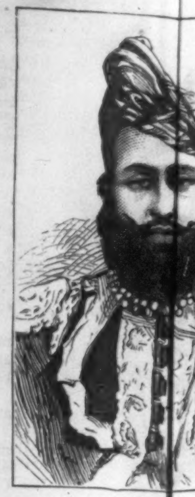
Speaking of the wit of Buchanan Read, a recent magazine article says: "It was only a few mornings before he breathed his last that a dear friend, sitting by his bedside, held his wasted hand. Upon one finger was a beautiful cameo ring. 'Ah, I see you have a head of Shakspeare,' she said, as she examined the well-cut features of the bard. 'Yes,' he answered, feebly, 'it is the only way I could get a-head of him.'"

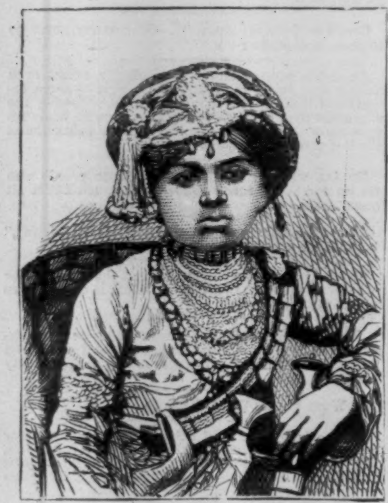

Chief of Bhore (Mahratta).

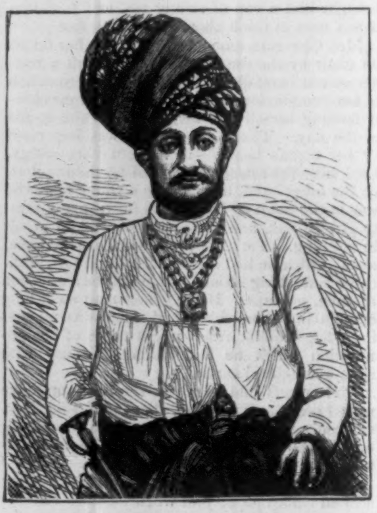

Sir Salar Jung, Minister of H. H. the Nizam (Persian Shiah).

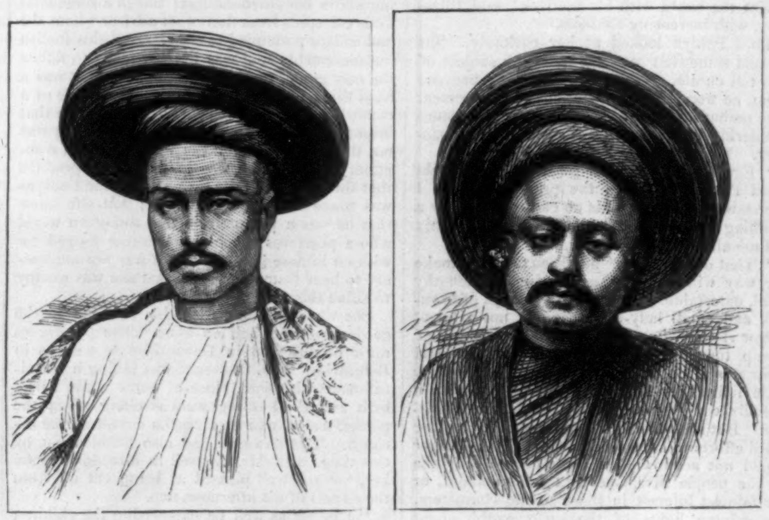

Kattywar Prince.

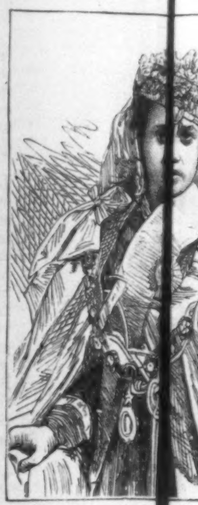

The Nimbulkhar Chief of Phulton (Mahratta).

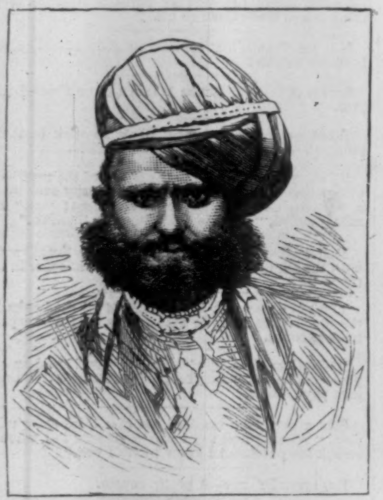

H. H. Nawab of Jo nagh

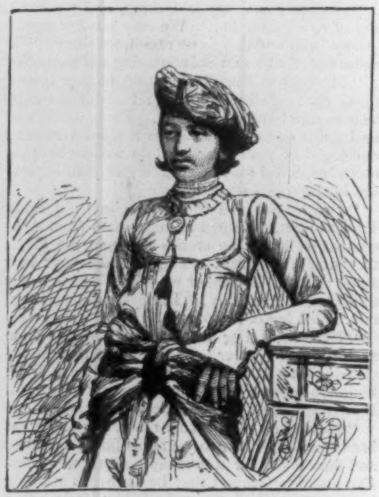

(Minor) Thakoor of Wudwan (semi-Rajpoot).

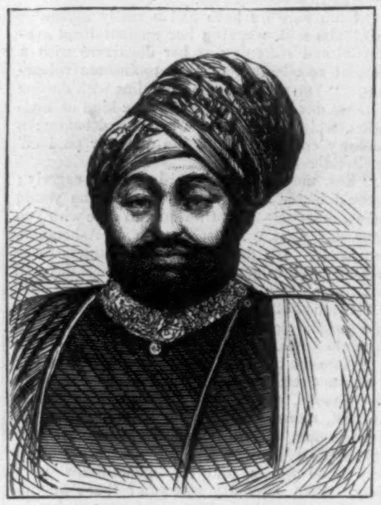

Jam of Nowanuggur (semi-Rajpoot).

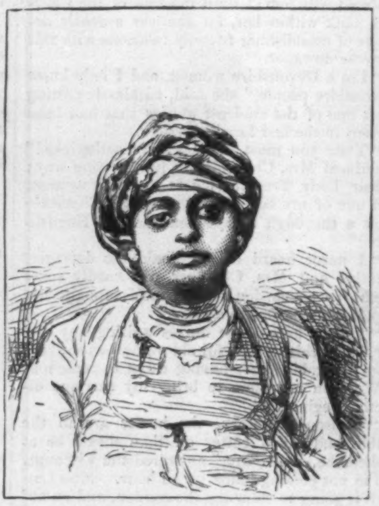

Two Chiefs of Vinchoor (Mahratta)—Anna Sahib, Dada Sahib.

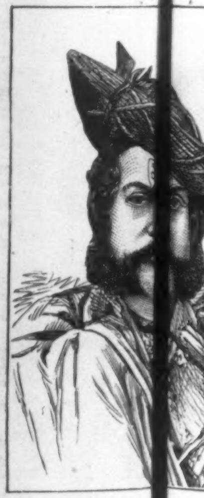

H. H. The Begum Bhopa

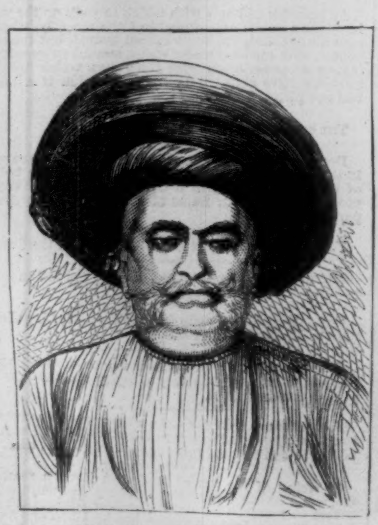

Nawab of Radhunpoor (Mohammedan).

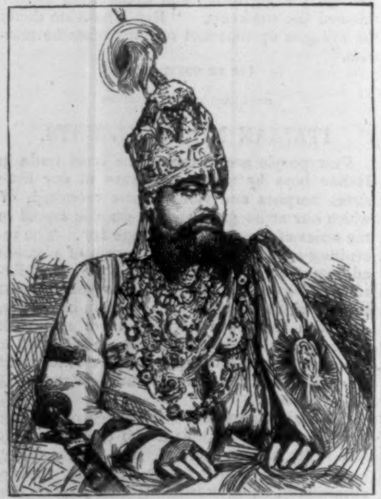

Kattywar Prince.

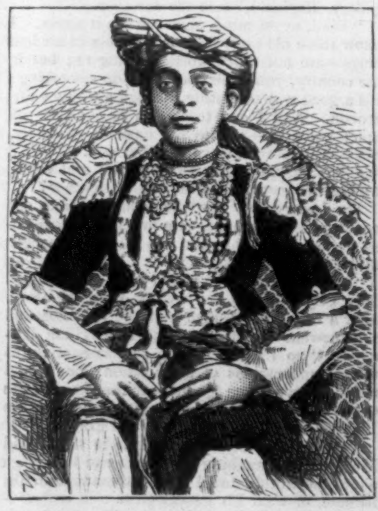

Chief of Drangdra (Kattywar).

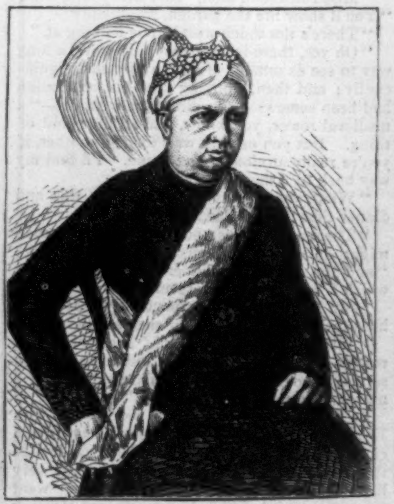

(Minor) Chief of Rajcote (semi-Rajpoot).

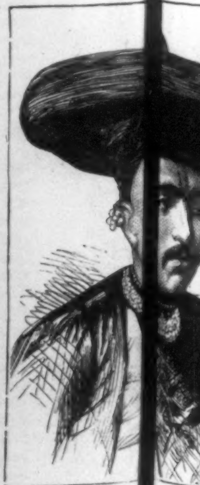

H. H. Maharajah Scin f Gwal


Sirdar of Sangli (Mahratta Sirdar).


H. H. Maharajah of Rewah, Central India (Rajpoot).

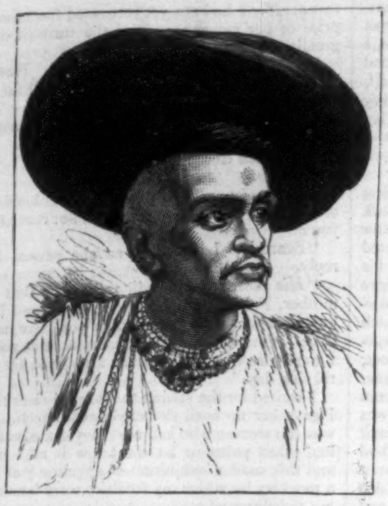

Heir-Apparent of Joonaghur (Mussulman).

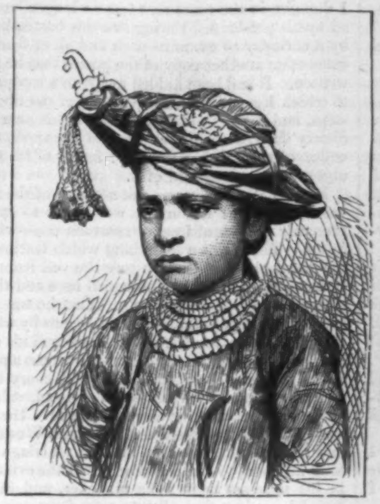

H. H. Maharajah of Travancore (Tamil Hindoo).

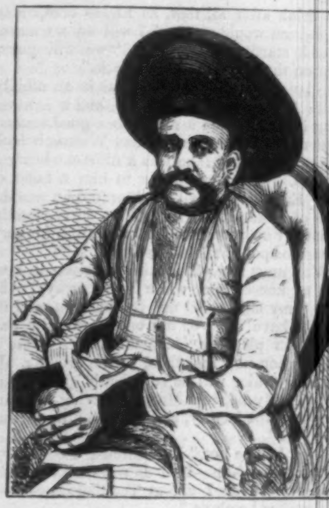

Ch Meeraj.

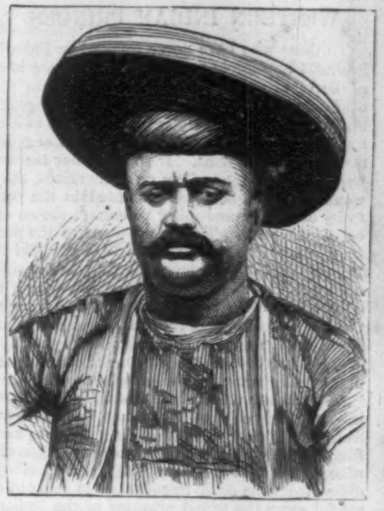
PRINCES AND CHIEFS O WES

of Jo naghur (Mussulman).

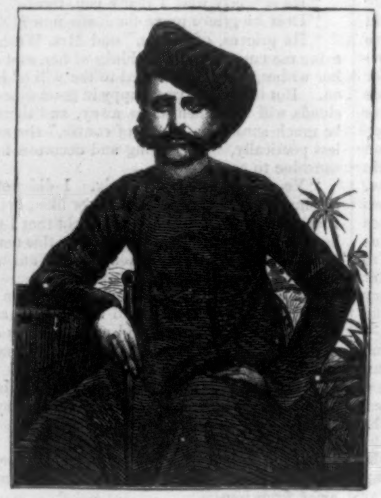

Chief of Sangli, late Member of Legislative Council (Mahratta).

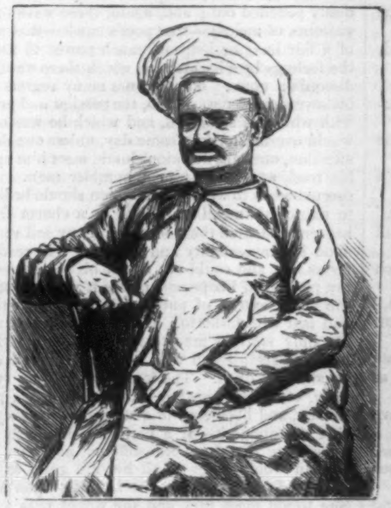

Rajah of Kolapore, S. M. Country (Mahratta).

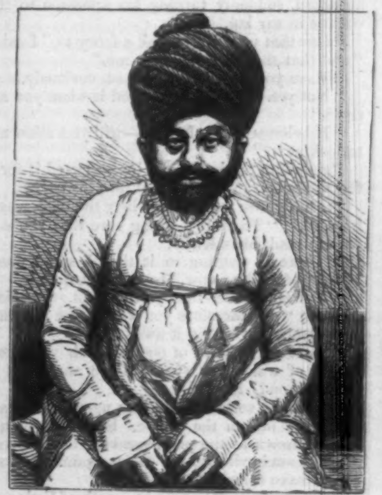

Bhow Sahib of Sangli (Mahratta).

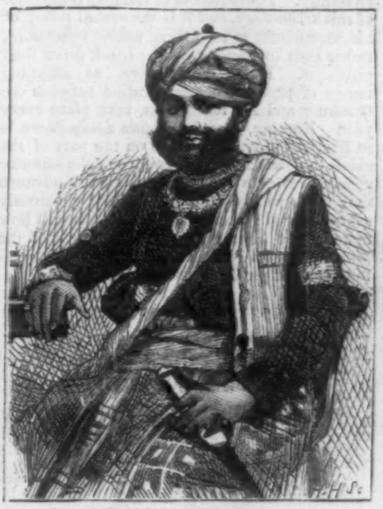

Chief of Koorundwar (Deccan Sirdar).

gun Bhopal (Mussulman).

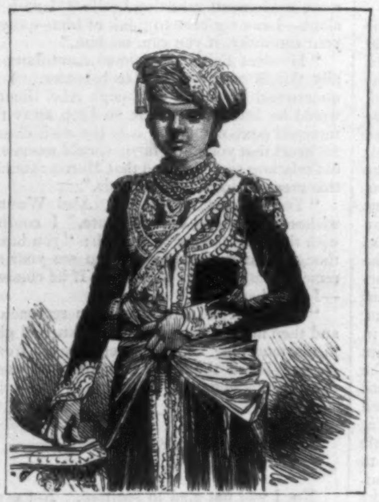

Chief of Jumkundie, S. M. Country (Mahratta).

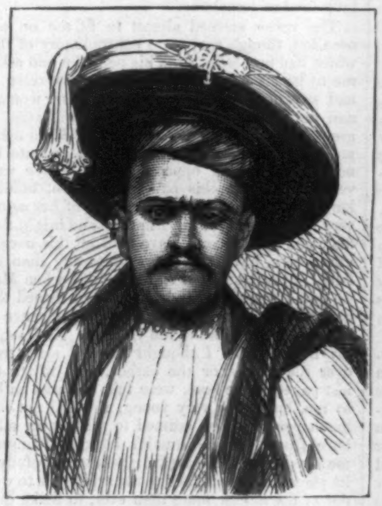

Sir Dinkar Rao, formerly Dewan of Gwalior (Mahratta).

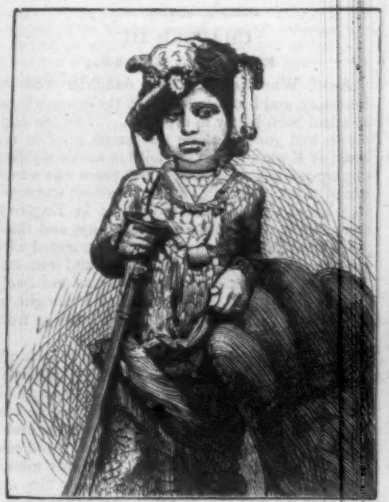

Nawab of Pahlunpoor (Mohammedan).

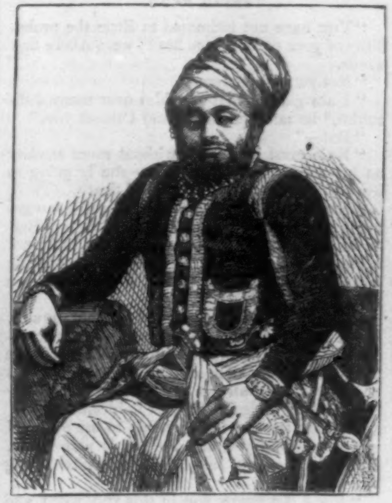

Rao of Kutch (semi-Rajpoot).

Scin t Gwalior (Mahratta).

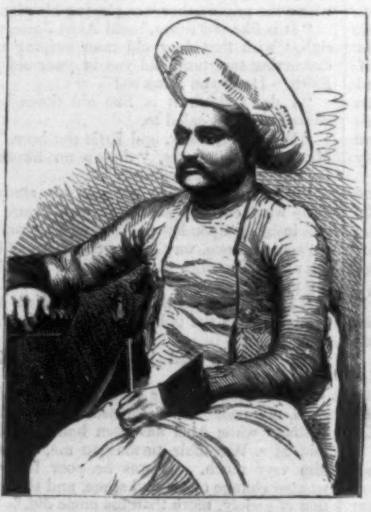

Kattywar Prince.

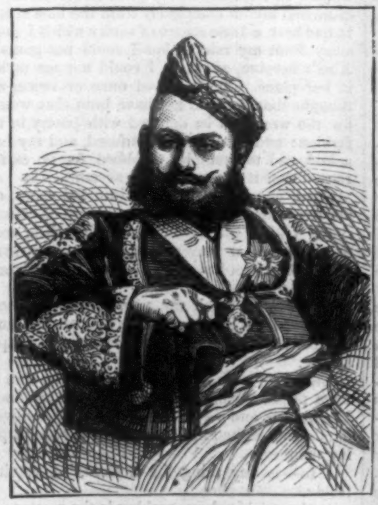

Punt Prateeneeda Sattara Sirdar (Mahratta).

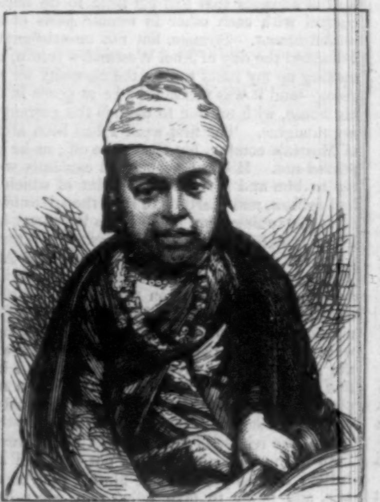

(Minor) Chief of Barria (Rajpoot Bheel).

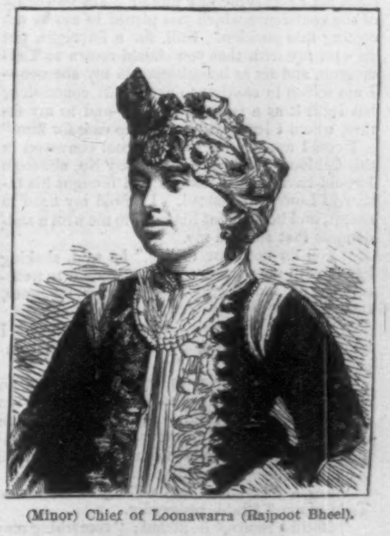

Chief of Drangdin.

Ch Meeraj.


Sirdar of Sangli (Mahratta).


H. H. Joonaghur (Mussulman).


(Minor) Chief of Edur (Rajpoot).


(Minor) Chief of Loonawarra (Rajpoot Bheel).

O WESTERN INDIA.—[See Page 194.]

WESTERN INDIAN PRINCES.

To those who have never traveled in India it is almost impossible to convey an adequate idea of the vast extent and varied population of the peninsula known by that name. Roughly speaking, we may say that India is quite as big as Europe without Russia, and contains quite as great a diversity of nations. If some of our readers would impress these facts on their minds, they would probably be more interested in the portraits of the six-and-thirty potentates shown on our double page. These were some of the personages who attended the Grand Durbar held in Bombay in November last; and if any one should ask what a Durbar is, we should reply that it is a *levée* on a very elaborate and princely scale. Once more to compare India with extra-Russian Europe, and to return in imagination to the days of the Roman empire, it is as though Lord NORTHBROOK were seated on the imperial throne of the CÆSARS, while princes and chieftains, more or less dependent on the will of Rome, were to come from Gaul, from Germany, from Britain, and from Spain to do obeisance to their acknowledged sovereign. We may add that Bombay differs from the other Presidencies in being in a special sense the feudal province of the Indian empire. In Bombay only do we find a strictly feudal aristocracy, invested with semi-independence, and exerting a living influence over the peasantry. The Governor of Bombay is the chief of this aristocracy, and it is the settled policy of his government to turn these nobles to account, rather than to absorb them or break down their privileges. Durbars, therefore, as affording means of personal communication between the Governor and his feudatories, take place every year. Nothing, says the *Indian Daily News*, is so likely to provoke a desire on the part of the chiefs to deserve the good opinion of the supreme government as a conviction that every advance they make will be candidly met and generously acknowledged; and such a conviction will flow more surely from the public utterances of the Viceroy in open Durbar than from the most carefully worded publications in an official *Gazette*.

LITTLE KATE KIRBY.

By F. W. ROBINSON.

Author of "For Her Sake," "A Bridge of Glass," "Mattie: A Stray," "No Man's Friend," "Poor Humanity," etc., etc.

Book the Last.

ATONEMENT.

CHAPTER II.

FRESH NEWS.

"You have not intimated to Ettie the probability of your parting from her?" were Abel's first words.

"Not yet," I answered.

"I am glad of that—it tides over many difficulties," he said, quickly, "and I thank you."

"But—"

"Ettie must leave here without more anxiety on her mind than I can help—she is going to Germany on a mission of life and death. There is a chance of life for her after all, and I am going in search of it, and of one skillful man in Berlin in whose hands it may rest. You must not excite her by any bad news—and your going away would be bad news for her. Surely you understand this?"

"Yes," I answered to his last petulant inquiry.

"The fortnight's absence from you may accustom her to me," he added, almost jealously; "the time is not long, and need not cause you any great uneasiness. I shall not be at Teddington to annoy you," he added, as his last inducement.

I felt the tears spring suddenly to my eyes. I was not strong yet, and his words pained me. He saw this, and said, with an embarrassing frankness,

"For I did annoy you in this very room, and you are right in not forgiving me, Miss Kirby. We were all excited and unlike ourselves that day, and I was the weakest and most foolish. I acted in an unjustifiable manner—and you are right not to trust me any more; I am unworthy of the confidence which you placed in me by accepting this position. Still, for a fortnight, put up with my wish that you should return to Teddington, and act as housekeeper in my absence—I am selfish in seeking to exact this concession, but I ask it as a favor to myself—and to my father, whom I leave with no one to care for him."

I could not say No to an appeal conveyed in this fashion; I did not desire to say No, although I could have wished that he had brought his father to Lowestoft instead. I bowed my head in assent, and he held out his hand to me with a suddenness that startled me.

"You do not bear malice," he said, shaking hands with me; "you are not a woman to treasure up an indignity. By-gones are by-gones, then?"

"Yes, Mr. Westmair," I replied, "although I know not of any indignity of which I can complain."

"It is kind of you to say so, but I was an egregious ass—a fool—a raving madman, to act in the manner that I did. I—but there! I am distressing you again, the very mention of my impertinence takes the color from your cheeks. All is as it has been, then, Miss Kirby?"

"For a fortnight I am willing to remain at Teddington," I said, reservedly.

"Or till I return," he added; "something may detain me at Berlin for a few extra days. I may have to break the news to Ettie by degrees, or to leave it to you, when she returns with me—you may think after all that, as Ettie's companion, the position would not be—I will say no more," he said, starting to his feet; "we will quarrel again on the day that I come back."

He laughed pleasantly; he was in an amiable mood: he had got his own way, and it is astonishing how that puts a man into a good temper. I had no remembrance of Abel Westmair looking like that before; he was a different being in my eyes. There had come to him a hope of saving Ettie, and it had put him into an amiable frame of mind. And he was not sorry, certainly, that my own formal withdrawal from his service was postponed till his return.

"You must not mind taking my sister-in-law's place as housekeeper while I am away," Abel said; "my father will not trouble you, and the servants have received my orders to obey you. If you can play the old gentleman a game at backgammon now and then, in the evening, Mr. Westmair senior will be sufficiently grateful and content. My nephew Martin is living in apartments near the factory, and may look in at times to see you."

"Oh! I hope not," I exclaimed, hastily; "I could not meet him—I—I do not wish to receive any visitors while I am at Teddington—I—I would rather be alone."

"The times are early," said Abel Westmair, gravely; "I will drop him a hint. There is no occasion to disturb you at present, although, for my part, I am of opinion— What book is that?" he asked, suddenly turning his attention to the volume in my lap.

"One that poor Katie took a fancy to," I said, "and that she borrowed from me."

"Have you read it?" he asked, curiously.

"Not yet. I had just opened it when you arrived."

"It belongs to me, I think—will you allow me to look at it?"

I gave him the book, and he inspected it for a few moments, and then put it into his pocket.

"I have been wondering where the book was," he said. "There is nothing here that you will care to read, Miss Kirby."

"There is nothing in it that I stand much chance of reading now," I answered, quietly.

"I would rather that you did not read this," he said, "and therefore you will excuse my want of ceremony in taking it away."

"Is it the volume of poems which you wrote—and of which you spoke to me one night at Teddington?" I asked.

"It is the veriest trash—the newspapers have begun to inform the public," he added, with a sudden frown at the plain-speaking of the press, "and I am buying up my copies again. You see that I have called this in."

He went from the room in search of Ettie, and I was left to think that I had not proved myself a strong-minded woman. It was only for a fortnight, but I was going back to his house at Teddington, almost without regret.

CHAPTER III.

KEEPING HOUSE.

ABEL WESTMAIR and his daughter went to Germany, and I took my place in the house wherein I had been happy in my time. If all the happiness had gone, if there was much grief at my heart at Katie's loss, if my faith in man's stability of purpose had all vanished, still there was a feeling of pleasure at being in the house—it was more like home to me than any place in England. Certainly it was destitute of company, and there were keen and bitter associations connected with the place. Here I had been wooed and won, and here I came back a woman who was not likely to be wooed again. Never again! I thought, as the days stole on and brought me courage from reflection.

Old Mr. Westmair was no trouble to look after; his son Abel was right—a little attention pleased him. He was content to doze away his time in the garden, or to play his extempore fantasias on the piano in the drawing-room, and a game at backgammon before he went to bed sent him to his slumbers rejoicing. He only missed Ettie; his son's absence did not cause him any regret that I was able to perceive: and the house without Aunt Jane was like a paradise, he did not hesitate to affirm.

Still, it was strange to be alone in the house, taking care of this old man, and looking after a staff of servants that had but little to do except quarrel with each other in remote parts of the establishment. Strange, but not unsatisfactory. I dreaded the day of Abel Westmair's return, the making up my mind to go—the necessity for my going—and it was pleasant to be at peace in the big house, with no one to disturb the current of my thoughts. The first week I had been afraid of Martin's coming, but that wore off; as he appeared not. His uncle Abel had evidently written to him and given him the hint of which he had spoken, and Martin had seen the advisability of not intruding upon me. I was left alone, and I was grateful to all who kept away. When I was tired of myself for company, there was Abel Westmair's great library, and all the glorious army of the Immortals on the shelves. I grew to love the library from which the presence of the master had heretofore kept me; and yet here were associations that made me flush a little with the strength of their reminiscence. Here I had first proved to Abel Westmair that I was a suspicious woman—here I had once declined to place any confidence in him, when he was striving for the release of my father. I had a greater faith in the man now, if I did not like him any better; he was jealous, and abrupt, and eccentric, and prone to take offense at every little word; but if I had wanted a friend in these latter days, a tower of strength between myself and adversity, I should have thought of Abel Westmair first. Odd it was that this whirligig world should have brought about that little fact to pass, I thought, in the room that was no longer haunted by his presence. Poring over his books, beset by a curiosity to examine each and all of them, I came upon another copy of the poems that he had written. It had been hidden away on a top shelf, to which I gained access by means of the library steps, and there, in his own room, in his own big library chair, I set myself to read his verse, and endeavor to find therefrom the secret of his new objection to my perusal of it.

If Abel Westmair were not a genius of the first water, a man of whom the world was to speak presently, he was at least no common verse-writer to me. There was a something which fascinated me about his book—which tore the veil from his true character at times, and which here and there steeped it in a deeper mystery. That he was dissatisfied with his calling, with the means by which he had made his money, with himself and his surroundings, with his futile efforts to become a poet, with his poetry itself, was apparent in every line, and throughout each verse ran the sad, solemn strain of an everlasting disappointment. He was a man who had suffered much. Jane Westmair had told me long ago that his first marriage had been an unhappy one; and here was the evidence in his musings upon life's mistakes, and in his hopeful anxiety that all was now forgotten and forgiven, as he forgot and forgave every thing. There was a story, in verse also, of a foolish marriage between a youth and a woman older than himself, and I could fancy that it was his own life dimly penciled out; and, again, there were little snatches of melody—true poet's music—that told of a fair imagination, and much power to move the feelings by a harmony in which there were no discordant notes. There came many regrets for his own stormy nature also, the passion and pride with which he struggled, and which he was sure would overmaster him some day, unless one deep affection, one rapt devotion should meet him upon his road, and make him a humbler man. He speculated as to what this affection should be like, to exorcise the evil in him as by a charm from heaven, and then there followed many sad verses upon its impossibility and folly. I had read as far as this, and could not detect his objections to my perusal of his poems, unless it were pique at the small extent of public approval which they had met with hitherto. But that which followed certainly startled me—took away my breath—held me spell-bound with its strange magic and its stranger truth. The latter poems were symbolic, of a love growing in his heart, deep, passionate, and hopeless—of a struggle with his passion to subdue it—of a fierce exultation in the knowledge that he alone suffered, and that the woman would never in all her life guess at the extent of the fascination she had cast upon him. She would meet him, and she would pass away from him as a common friend, and the end would come, and he alone the wiser. The hopelessness of his love for her was painted with a tragic force that dismayed me as I read—he seemed so dreadfully fond of somebody.

The verses seemed almost to fit me on one occasion, though they were contradictory of that which had proceeded from his pen; he had asked me to be his wife, and here in his love-verse he had sworn that he would ask only one woman, and only her, in his rage and despair, when he grew weak and helpless. But then he had asked me out of pity, or in a futile effort to spite his nephew, who had opposed him. There were verses, too, from this pathetic Damon, bidding long farewells to Chloris, speaking of her as one very happy in a love more natural and bright than his could be. I could have read all this once as idle poetry, having no deeper meaning than the fancy of the hour; but since that day when Martin and I separated, and Martin had owned that he loved my sister Katie, I saw a significance of misery in every line of the volume. At least, in my new wisdom I thought so, and shed tears over the pathos, or the bathos, with which the last pages of the book were full. It was pathos to me, but I was very young, and had not read much poetry, which seemed to rush at me all at once from Abel Westmair's book, and unsettle me for good. I restored the volume carefully to its place, and went back to the arm-chair to wonder at the author more than ever, to make quite sure that he did not mean me, to begin with, that it would have been the height of absurdity to couple me with this rhapsodizing, and to puzzle my aching head with the real woman who had worked this change in my grim master's life. I dismissed myself completely from the idea at last. It had been a little spasm of vanity which I shook away from my mind; but I could not guess at Abel's heroine, although I could not see myself in her place. I shuddered once or twice, and thought that I would not have been that woman for the world, to be deluged with poetry in this fashion; and then I grew confused, and my head ached, and my temples throbbed, for no earthly reason that it was possible to account.

Some one came on tiptoe into the room, and put two arms round my neck by way of consolation. Only Ettie would do that, but Ettie was a child, and these were two strong, nervous arms, which nearly took my breath away in the vigor of their clasp.

"My dear child, my poor young sufferer!" murmured a voice in my ears, and at the unmistakable tones of Mrs. Jane Westmair I collapsed a little.

The arms were slowly withdrawn, the thin lips were pressed upon my forehead in a spasmodic bite or two, and then Aunt Jane shook me by the hands, and sighed and moaned in a very surprising manner.

"Is—is any thing the matter?" I inquired, feebly.

"My stricken dove, nothing is the matter—but you were alone in this dreadfully dull house, and I thought that I would come and comfort you a little."

"You are very kind," I murmured in a vague manner, for I had not yet recovered from the surprise of her appearance, and the warmth of her greeting had been marvelous.

"What a wreck you are, my child! How you have grieved—how you are grieving still for your sister!"

"I was not grieving for her then," I hastened to say.

"No fresh trouble?"

"Oh no."

"Pining for society—for the companionship of old friends—wondering why I did not come to see you?"

"Scarcely," I answered, as she paused for a reply.

"*His* mother—you will remember that—*his* mother, Faith—and she has a heart, and is not unmoved at all the trials which you have undergone. Oh! the agony and madness since you and I were torn from each other's arms, and set apart till this day."

I waited for the sphinx to make all clear to me. I gave her up until she explained herself. This was the woman who had never loved me, and who had taken pains to let me know it all her life; and this sudden exhibition of affection was to me a mockery by which my faculties were benumbed, but not deceived.

"I am staying at Martin's little house at Teddington—I am Martin's friend, adviser, confidante, until the bright days come for you both."

"He is well?"

"He is pretty well, I thank you, Faith."

"Does he grieve much for Katie now?"

"He grieves, of course," said Mrs. Westmair, eying me curiously; "he thinks of her, and of all her wishes, and is reconciled to the will of Heaven. But he will be very happy in good time—the clouds will waft themselves away, and there will be much sunshine—when, of course," she added, less poetically, "it is fitting and decorous for the sunshine to come out."

"Ye-es," I said, hesitatingly. I did not like her manner; but then I had never liked her, and I was always dissatisfied. I thought that I would have preferred her old honest hate to this new and flashy semblance of affection—and I am of the same opinion still.

"Abel wrote to tell Martin that you were here, and that for a while he had better keep away; but Martin has feelings, and a duty to the dead, and it is Abel's wish, also, that Martin and you should—"

"Yes, yes—I know what every body wishes," I hastened to say; "but please do not say any thing more concerning this at present."

"Martin is here."

"Here!" I cried, starting to my feet with a sudden and unaccountable impulse to hide myself away from him.

"Yes; the dear fellow was so anxious to come—so hurt by the cruel advice of his uncle—so sure that you would be glad to see him—"

"I shall not be glad to see him," I cried, with more excitement asserting itself; "I wish to be alone—I can not bear to think of him—pray take your son away, if you can, madam."

"My dear Faith," exclaimed Aunt Jane, "really this is very remarkable behavior. I don't understand it at all. Although Abel thought it would be better for Martin to keep away till he returned next week, still it is the wish closest to his heart that you and Martin should assume your old relations together, and that Martin should take this great business off his hands."

"You do not respect Mr. Abel Westmair's wishes by coming to his house," I continued, with the same degree of warmth; "you have not thought that it would pain me to see your son—remembering how we met last. If he comes now—I shall hate him."

"Faith!" cried Martin's voice reproachfully, and then my old lover, pale and wan, and ghastly in his mourning for my sister, stepped from the garden side of the house into the library and offered me his hand.

CHAPTER IV.

NOT WELCOME.

No, I was not glad to see him. Not even for my dead Katie's sake could I say that he was welcome. I shook hands with him nervously, and then we passed from Abel Westmair's library into the garden, and from the garden to the drawing-room, where the gas was lighted, and where the grandfather was playing his piano.

"It is like old times," said Aunt Jane, with a sigh, "with that dear old man keeping up his distracting tum-tum, and you in your old place, Faith. Don't you think so?"

"I don't think it is like old times," I answered, thus appealed to.

"With Abel away, and Ettie not here," cried Mr. Westmair senior, "there's no likeness to the old times that I can see."

"Abel used to hide away in his study, and Ettie went early to her room," said Aunt Jane, still insisting upon her point of view; "and then we settled down, we four, just as we may be doing now. I used to sit and listen to your charming melodies, while Martin talked to Faith."

"I don't see that there's much talk in Martin to-night," was the old gentleman's embarrassing remark.

"I have a bad headache," said Martin, gloomily.

"Leave the windows open; the air will do you good, my dear son. Incessant application to business while Abel has been holiday-making," said Mrs. Westmair, turning to me, "has tried him very much. It was he, poor fellow, who wanted change of air and scene, and the distraction of society, more than his uncle did."

"I did not care about any change," said Martin for himself; "I would not have taken any. I only wished for hard work."

"I have not noticed your working very hard," his grandfather remarked, "and I have been over to the factory several times too."

"You have forgotten what hard work is, grandfather," said Martin, somewhat severely.

"Oh no, I haven't."

Mr. Westmair senior seemed a little discomfited by the advent of his relatives; he had not expected them, and he was not delighted to see them, now that they had arrived. He was in a contradictory mood too, which would happen at times, and the watchful woman facing him knew his habits, and attempted a diversion.

"And you play backgammon still, papa?" she inquired—there had been moments of affection, or of affectation, in which she used to call him "papa"—"or do you miss our old games after supper?"

"I don't miss you at all, Jane, or any of your games—I don't, indeed," said the old man, with charming frankness; "Miss Faith plays better than you, and does not try my temper half as much. We're very happy now."

"I'm glad to hear that every body is comfortable," replied Mrs. Westmair, who was not to be put out that evening; "but now that I am here, I will challenge you to backgammon, you dear, quaint creature you!"

She found the board and men for herself, and the dear, quaint creature was lured from his piano to her side. Aunt Jane took off her bonnet. "Just for a few moments, Faith, and to feel that I am at home again," she said, laughing very pleasantly; and then I was left to amuse her son Martin, or her son Martin left to amuse me.

It was a position that she had striven to secure; I might have been very grateful for her effort once, but I was not on that occasion. Martin looked at me long and steadily, after as steady a survey of the players, and said, in a low, melancholy voice, which had somewhat of its old music in it,

"Yes, these are more like the old times now, Faith."

I clasped my hands together and wrung them silently before I answered.

"Hardly," I said at last.

"You perceive no resemblance?"

"It is a mockery of old times to me," I answered, thus adjured.

"A miserable attempt to reproduce a picture from which the life and color have departed, you mean?" he said, slowly.

"Yes, that is what I mean."

He thought deeply for an instant; then he leaned forward, and with an intent look on his pale face, said,

"You do not mind my calling you Faith?"

"No," I said.

"Or my considering myself your friend?"

"Heaven forbid that I should be the enemy of any one," I answered, in confusion; "but I do not wish for friends—that is, at present—I am most happy when I am most alone."

"I understand the feeling," said Martin, "but I would urge upon you not to give way to it too much. You and I have suffered a great deal; but the one common trouble which set us side by side at Kessingland might teach us to grow strong together."

"No, no," I said, restlessly.

"It is my own opinion—I may be wrong," he added, deferentially.

"Yes—I think so," I replied.

He sat back and reflected upon my answer again, and I did not seek to disturb his meditations. This was not the old Martin, any more than these were the old times to which he had belonged, and concerning which his mother had grown eloquent. The vitality, the keen jest, the quick observation, the high spirits, were all gone. In these early days it was natural enough, but how strange a man their absence seemed to make of him!

"You are not offended with me, Faith?" he asked, suddenly.

"Offended—no," I replied.

"I mean for calling to-night?"

"No," I said; "but I thought—"

I came to a full stop. He was not well; he had suffered more than I in losing Katie, and I had no desire to wound his feelings, if it were in any way possible to avoid it. He was not a man, however, to be content with a half answer.

"Pray tell me what you think, Faith," he urged. "It is your wishes that I would study in all respects, believe me."

"I thought that you would have kept away for a few months," I answered, thus adjured; "that you would have thought of the pain that I must feel in meeting you, and spared me."

"Are you afraid to meet me?" he asked, still watching me.

"No," I answered, quickly.

"Or do you despise me now so heartily that my very presence falls like a blight upon you? I deserve it," he added, "I have come almost expecting it—the first words I heard you utter in this house to-day were, 'I hate him!'"

"I am sorry that you heard them," I said, looking down; "I was unprepared for your visit—I have had a dread of seeing you—I was excited."

"And at least you do not hate me?"

"No."

"I think you must sometimes," he said, mournfully, "when you essay to estimate my character from your own point of view. There is much that I might explain, and that I might excuse; but what remains, after all, is only a weak fellow who meant well, but had not strength of will, or sufficient honesty of purpose, to carry out his intentions."

"I can not listen," I said, hastily; "it is this miserable recurrence to the past that I would avoid for all my life."

"For all your life?" he said, inquiringly.

"Yes—for all my life," I said again, and with increasing boldness.

He sought to read a doubt of the truth of this, but he looked away after a while. The backgammon players took no heed of us, and we were alone to map out our position for the future, if it were necessary. Now, I thought that it was. He had broken the ice and made the first step toward me. I could listen with calmness to any thing but his excuses for loving Katie instead of me—I could not return to that cruel exposition to which I had closed my ears in the first shock of my waking to the truth.

"Faith," he said, "I think it would be fairer to speak out all that is in my mind and yours. Ours is a strange position, and we may be on the brink of another mistake from which a few words now might save us."

"Yes, that is true."

"I have been beset by many thoughts," said Martin, "and they have brought me here in all respect for you, in all honor to her whose loss we both deplore. Will you trust me, Faith—listen to me in patience now, and reply as you think best, or shall I come to-morrow?"

"No—not to-morrow," I said; "I will listen, and reply to-night. It is as well that we should master the position."

"Shall we step into the garden?" he said, with a glance toward the players.

"If you wish," I replied.

I was not afraid of him; I felt that I could trust him, that he would not speak of his old love, to insult me in my mourning, and I followed him into the garden without hesitation.

It was necessary that we should understand the future for ourselves—we two who had aged so wondrously since we had stood last beneath that veranda, and strayed on side by side along that broad sweep of gravel-walk.

The same scene and the same characters—an act further in of the drama of life that we were playing, and yet all so different! Like the old times again, seen from the distance, but how unlike them when we came to read ourselves in the clear light in which we faced each other then!

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

AMERICAN FIELD-SPORTS.

THE wanton destruction of game in this country has led to the passage of stringent acts for its protection in several States, and a large number of sportsmen's clubs have been organized to insure their enforcement. The severity of the present winter renders the stringent observance of these laws more than ever a necessity. Great numbers of birds have perished of cold and hunger, and thousands have been driven to the vicinity of barns and houses, where, instead of being fed and protected, they have been trapped by the hundred and sent to market. The same wanton spirit of destruction bids fair to exterminate the larger game on the Western prairies. During the past season more than a quarter of a million of buffaloes were killed on the plains for their hides alone, and their carcasses left to decay. Unless our Legislatures take this matter in hand without delay, and pass such measures as will prevent this wanton war upon game, we shall soon have none left to protect, and the scenes depicted in our illustration on page 196 will be things of tradition only.

THE REPUBLIC IN SPAIN.

THE proclamation of a republican form of government in Spain was received in most of the large cities of that country with popular manifestations of approval, the chief exception being Barcelona, where monarchist sentiments prevail. There were some disturbances in the country districts and in a few towns; but notwithstanding the opposition of the priesthood and the efforts of the Carlists, the new government, under the able guidance of such men as CASTELAR and his associates, appears to be in a fair way to permanence. The great centre of public opinion in Spain, Madrid, where a scene of popular enthusiasm greeted the proclamation of the republic, will probably give tone to the whole country. The demonstrative spirit of the Spanish people is well illustrated in the picture of a political gathering in their capital which we give on page 197.

JOURNALISTS ON EXHIBITION.

THERE are some things too sacred for public display, and among them may be classed the art and mystery of "getting up" a newspaper. It is announced, however, in a letter from Vienna that at the International Exhibition now being organized in that city one of the great sights is to be the interior of a newspaper office, with editor, writers, reporters, printers, and publishers at work, just as in ordinary life. The industrious journalists are to be shown in a huge glass building, like bees in a transparent hive. The editor will be seen giving out subjects, revising articles, and exemplifying, with waste-paper basket at hand, the well-known rule in respect to rejected communications. Writers will be on view at work of the most varied kind; some at leaders, others at reviews, and a few even (if the character of Austrian journalism is to be rigorously maintained) at the incubation of canards. To complete the picture a certain number of importunate visitors, anxious to obtain "favorable notices," or to reply to just but unpalatable criticisms, should be allowed to appear. It is to be hoped that the literary performers will be well up in their parts, that the editors will wear a becomingly grave aspect, and that the writers will not be seen pausing for lack of inspiration, or refreshing their memories too frequently by turning to books of reference. Cobbett once expressed a desire to bring all the journalists of London together on Kennington Common, that newspaper readers might see by what sort of men they allowed themselves to be influenced. The writers of the *Neue Freie Presse* had probably never heard of Cobbett's amusing but not very intelligent sneer. They, at all events, are the heroic gentlemen who, with a love of publicity which proves that their hearts are in their profession, propose during the forthcoming Vienna Exhibition to do their literary and journalistic work in presence of as many thousands of sight-seers as can be got together from all parts of the world.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

MORE than a year ago a plot of ground was purchased in Rome on which it was designed to erect a Protestant church. The outlay was about $20,000, most of which sum had been contributed by American residents, or travelers passing through Rome. There has been some delay in preparing the site, and the ceremony of laying the corner-stone did not take place until the latter part of January. The occasion was one of special interest, as this will be the first Protestant church built within the walls of the Eternal City. The corner-stone was sent from the parish of the Nativity, at Bethlehem, Pennsylvania—the former parish of Rev. Mr. Nevin, the rector of the new church—it having been cut from the native rock in that locality. In the cavity of the corner-stone, and deposited in a metallic box, were placed a copy of the Holy Scriptures (American edition), the Book of Common Prayer, the Hymnal, the *Church Almanac*, the printed form of service used on this occasion, the design of the church, and circulars connected with the work; list of trustees and vestry-men, list of subscriptions, United States coins and currency, and copies of several Church newspapers. The opening was covered with a brick taken from Independence Hall, sent from Philadelphia for this purpose. A good deal of interest and curiosity was manifested by the common people in the ceremony, and groups of laboring men suspended work to watch the unusual spectacle. The whole event is significant as marking a change from the unyielding intolerance of centuries to the present degree of religious freedom.

The collection of American newspapers at the Vienna Exhibition will amount to about seven thousand in number. A newspaper will be printed at the Exposition in English. The United States government vessel which has been stationed at the Brooklyn Navy-yard for the reception of goods for the Exposition will sail about the 1st of March.

If recent information is correct, Japan is already leaving her teachers behind in her educational march. A system of compulsory education is to be adopted in that country for all children above six years of age. Fifty-three thousand public schools are to be established, two hundred and fifty-six high schools, and eight colleges. If these figures are at all accurate, Japan is to be congratulated on her prompt, excellent, and efficient measures.

The library of the Yale Law School has been arranged in the new library-room in the County Courthouse in New Haven. The books have been classified and arranged, so as to be easily available to students and lawyers. This library contains many volumes highly valued on account of their age or scarcity. Among them is a complete set of the session laws of the State back to colonial times.

The following incident of Lincoln's first inauguration is told by the St. Louis *Republican:*

"When the President elect came forward upon the platform prepared at the east front of the Capitol his natural embarrassment was increased by a gorgeous wardrobe, in which it was evident he felt exceedingly uncomfortable. The stiff dress-coat, vest, and pantaloons of black broadcloth were enough of themselves to disturb his equanimity, but to these were added other incumbrances in the shape of a brand-new silk hat and a ponderous gold-headed cane. The cane he managed to put away in a corner, but the disposition of the hat perplexed him. It was too good to throw away, too nice to rest upon the rough boards, so, for a minute, Lincoln stood in the gaze of assembled thousands, grasping the hat desperately, and seeking in vain for a safe place to deposit it. Douglas, who sat immediately in the rear, saw the embarrassment of his rival, and, rising, took the shining beaver from its sorely bothered owner, and held it during the delivery of the inaugural address."

The close of the carnival season was signalized by the Liederkranz ball, which took place at the New York Academy of Music on Thursday evening, February 20. It was, as always, a marked success. Nothing could exceed the jollity, the sumptuousness, the harmless extravagance, the grotesquerie, of the occasion. It was the crowning event of the season. Young Germania and Young America, with cap and bells, and all the pleasant folly of masquerade, joined hands to frisk away the night in the intoxication of a revelry which is unsurpassed in the whole calendar of balls.

We have just discovered the reason why our winters are growing colder every year. Scientific men announce that, after giving the matter careful study, they are of the opinion that the climate of Alaska is annually growing milder. Formerly it was considered impossible to raise vegetables there; but now the hardier kinds of garden vegetables are cultivated with considerable success. The experiment has also been made of transplanting apple-trees from California, and several trees, planted four or five years ago, have already borne fruit. Of course this explains every thing. Ever since the United States purchased Alaska, some five or six years ago, a gradual amalgamation has been going on, and Alaska has sent snows and frosts from her bountiful supply, thereby making herself a little more comfortable. But wouldn't it be a good plan for U. S. to annex some tropical country—just for winter use?

Now comes highly recommended a medicine to which nobody can object—celery. It tastes good, and is said to be one of the most potent nervines known. The time to take it is when you please, and the dose is as much as you want. All affected with nervousness in any form are encouraged to hope for an effectual cure by the daily use of celery.

"Louis Napoleon did *some* good," remarked a wet-footed gentleman the other day. "He put Paris in first-rate order, and kept the streets clean; and I wish with all my heart that we had a king, or somebody, who would keep the *streets* of New York in decent order. The idea of the streets of *Paris* being ankle-deep with mud and water! Preposterous! I never saw a particle of dirt in Paris streets all the time I was there!" And with a very unresigned air at the prospect of continuing to live in a republican country he kicked off his wet boots, and put on the slippers which his wife—who can't vote about street-cleaning or any thing else—had promptly brought for his relief.

Queen Victoria has granted a pension of $250 a year to the widow of the gallant Captain Knowles, of the *Northfleet*, who lost his own life in exertions to save others.

A Viennese newspaper contains a letter making inquiries about the Crédit Mobilier, and expresses the hope that a specimen of it may be sent over to the grand International Exhibition at Vienna. This certainly indicates an enterprising and progressive spirit on the part of Austria, but it might be difficult to select a *single* specimen fitted to illustrate the matter, even if expenses of transportation were all paid.

One peculiar trait in the character of the English poet laureate, Alfred Tennyson, is his unusual shrinking from active life and public view. The world knows little of his life—it knows him by his poems. It has evidently been Mr. Tennyson's desire to escape observation, and he has succeeded in doing it very thoroughly. Few strangers gain access to him, and consequently many ill-natured stories have been circulated at his expense. One anecdote, however, not particularly ill-natured, will bear repeating. A well-known prince of the house of Brunswick, naturally familiar with Mr. Tennyson's shrinking habits, yet anxious to pay his respects to the poet, in the neighborhood of whose home in the Isle of Wight he found himself, made a call unaccompanied and strictly incognito. A page came to the door. "Whom shall I say?" "The Prince of Wales," was the reply. Whereupon the page, putting his dexter thumb to his nose, playfully observed, "Ha, yes; Prince of Wales! We know a trick worth two of that!" and slammed the poet's door in his royal highness's face.

At one of the "literary reunions" which, as is well known, take place regularly during the Washington season in the hospitable parlors of Hon. Horatio King, some pleasant reminiscences of Washington Irving were given by a personal friend of that favorite writer. On one occasion, while walking with Irving through his grounds, his friend observed a bird sitting quietly on her nest close beside their path. He called Irving's attention to the fact, and expressed his surprise at her apparent freedom from alarm, to which Irving responded, "She has nothing to fear here; I have passed her twenty times, and I have never molested her, nor has she ever molested me." Another incident shows a trace of Mr. Irving's quiet enjoyment of the humorous. While picking up an apple under a tree in his own orchard he was accosted by an urchin of the neighborhood, who, not recognizing him as the proprietor, offered to show him a tree where he could get "some better apples than those." "But," said the boy, "we must take care the old man doesn't see us." "I went with him," said Irving, "and we stole a dozen of my own apples."

Milwaukee papers speak of Lake Michigan being bridged over with ice at a place where its width is eighty-five miles. This has not occurred before within the memory of the "oldest inhabitant."

Physical education for the young, though beginning to be regarded in its true light, is still so generally disesteemed in our schools that there is ample room for improvement in this highly important branch of education. We quote these words of truth from the late annual report of the superintendent of the public schools of Boston:

"We ought to aim, not merely to avoid injuring the health of pupils while carrying on their instruction in our schools, but to increase their physical health, strength, and beauty. I dare call that system of education a failure which sends out into the world, to fight the battles of life, its finished graduates, with narrow shoulders, flat chests, crooked spines, pale faces, weak muscles, and low vital energy. Our boys receive less physical injury from their schooling than our girls. Nature helps the boys more. The boy manages to get some wholesome play. But the poor girl is easily crushed under the terrible weight of school lessons. Her strong love of approbation, given to her for a wise purpose, is easily made to work her physical ruin by the machinery of examinations. I do not hesitate to tell any mother in Boston that, in the present state of things, the head of a class in school is not a very safe or desirable place for a girl to occupy. I would urge two items of immediate reform in view of this matter: first, that the rules in regard to home lessons be rigidly enforced; and second, that our high-school girls shall no longer be seen carrying home daily, for study, large bundles of class-books."

An active little girl, whose parents adopted the repression system of keeping the Sabbath, once confidentially informed a visitor that she "would like to be a minister, so that she could holler on Sunday!"

A suggestive advertisement appears in a newspaper published in a Maine village. We commend it to the attention of whom it may concern, wherever they may live:

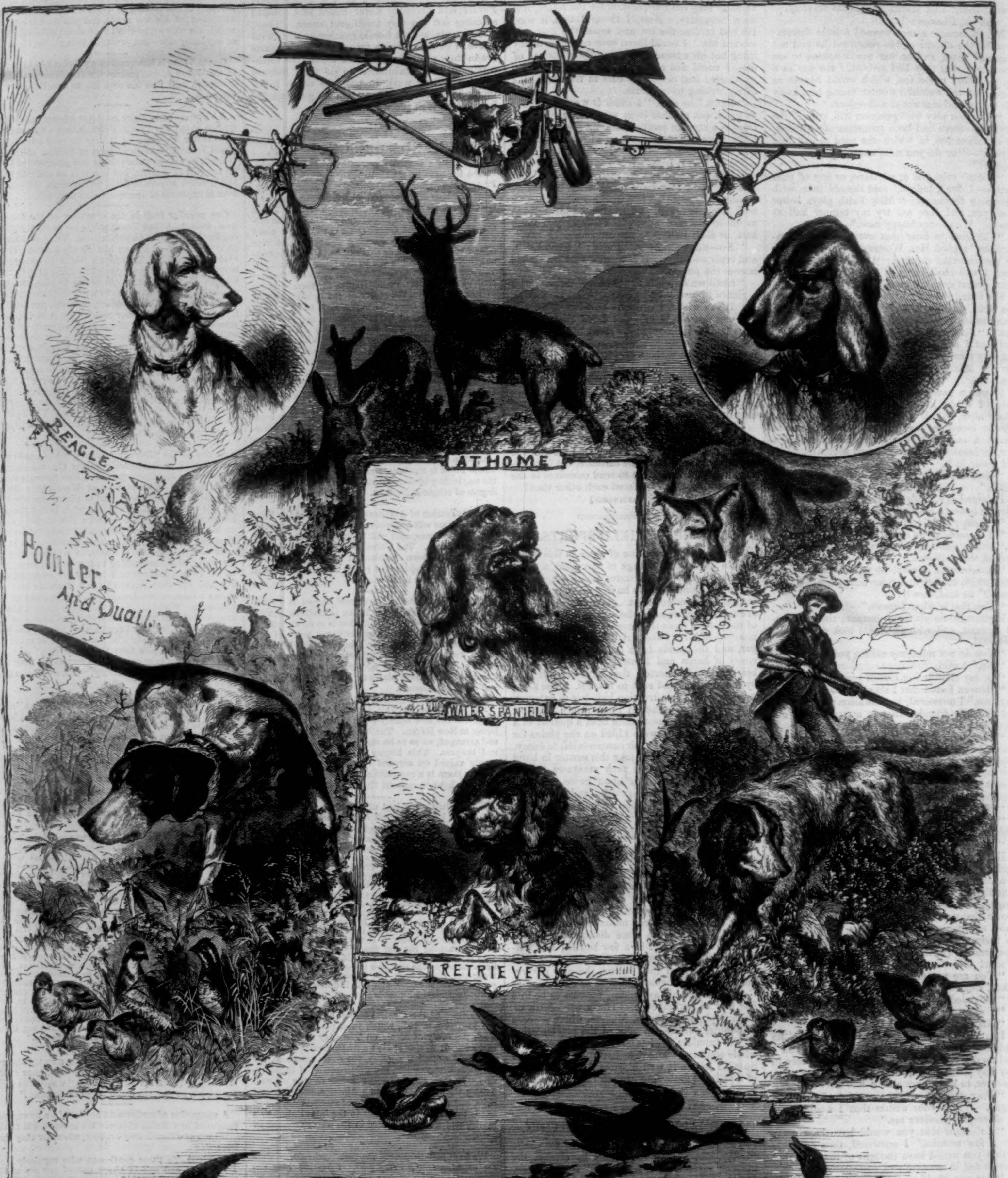
NOTICE—To those gentlemen who regularly loaf, smoke, and spit 16 hours out of the 24, at the shops, stores, and hotel in this village (thereby crowding men of business at those places). You can find work at the head of the CHESUNCOOK LAKE, if you do not choose to accept such labor as is offered here.

Salem, Massachusetts, wants a good many things just now: a public library, a hospital, a new city hall, a new post-office, a superintendent of schools, a fire-alarm telegraph, and a new custom-house. A recent message from the Mayor developed all these wants, but the city will need to bestir herself if she gets them all.

Statistics indicate that the great fires in American cities within a year and a half past have cost the country $300,000,000.

One can be married cheap in New Hampshire. A clergyman of that State, having performed the interesting ceremony, was asked his price by the bridegroom. On replying that the law gave him two dollars, the newly married man promptly handed him fifty cents, remarking, "Well, that will make up $2 50 for you," and disappeared with his bride.

Boston keeps within the city limits 2000 cows. Milk for the city also comes from other parts of the State, and even from Maine and New Hampshire. There are about 600 wholesale and 4000 retail dealers. Nearly 18,000 cans of milk, containing in all about 97,000 quarts, are delivered daily.


AT HOME
BEAGLE
HOUND
Pointer And Quail
Setter And Woodcock
WATER SPANIEL
RETRIEVER
A FLIGHT FOR SAFETY.

AMERICAN FIELD SPORTS.—Drawn by Theo. R. Davis.—[See Page 195.]

CHARLES READE AT HOME.

[The following exceedingly interesting and graphic sketch of one of the greatest of living novelists is from the pen of a distinguished American now resident abroad.]

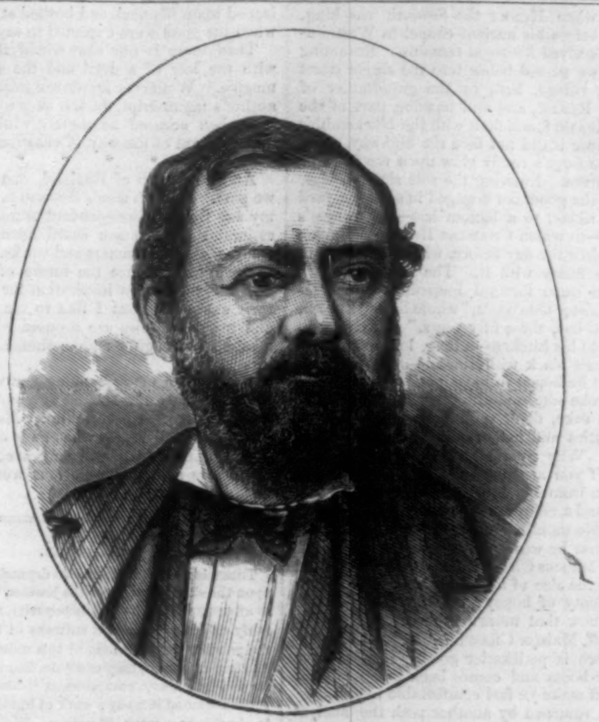
Charles Reade. God bless him! Start not, O ye virtuous! Rhoda Somerset? Well, take her out of the frame if you will. Cut her, body and soul, out of the canvas of a *A Terrible Temptation.* Dissect her character. It is true that our author opens this story with her, and you say he thereby strikes a key-note which pure minds can not afford to follow. Away with such prudery! This is the same man to whom felons have written to thank him for the hope he has given them, thus enabling them to regain an honest foot-hold in this hard world. This is he whose words, quoted in the pulpit, have gone straight to the hearts of hardened sinners. This is the genius, touched with a love of humanity, who has portrayed in all their hideous truth the temptations, struggles, and despair of imperfect natures; who, while depicting crime in all its forms, still holds up to the thieves and Magdalens of the earth the merciful promises of a glorious and saving faith.

But Rhoda Somerset? Return upon the track, if you must, non-indulgent reader.

Charles Reade introduces one of a numerous class of women, whose existence and whose influence in modern society can not be ignored. He treats her coldly throughout her early career; and it is not until she forswears the world, the flesh, and the devil that his heart warms to her. Who converted Rhoda Somerset? Who made her an example for her class and an honor to her sex? Who found her poor in heart and destitute in principle, and left her rich in grace and in all good works? Charles Reade.

In doing this he has done something for the many unfortunates similarly situated, thus proving himself a philanthropist in a new field. He had already done for the insane what Charles Dickens did for the tenants of the work-house. He has now earned a fresh claim to the gratitude and respect of his fellow-men.

What is he like? To see Charles Reade at his best you must see him in his own home. You must meet him under his own roof-tree. There he sits, genial and kindly, at the head of his hospitable board.



CHARLES READE.—[From a Photograph.]

Have you ever stood upon a high chair before the bust of Shakspeare in old Stratford Church, so that you were literally face to face with this immortal child of song, who married the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries in glorious verse? I am sure that you have never placed yourself thus completely upon a level with the great poet, that you might look into his eyes, mark his full temples, and his rounded brow sloping upward and backward until the regions of reverence are reached, wherein real genius dwells. You have never measured those broad and sturdy shoulders, and that general portliness of figure which the Stratford image clearly reveals. I am confident you have never viewed the marvelous dramatist from this stand-point. I have done this. You must, therefore, take my word for these outlines; and, moreover, believe me when I say that thus far you have an accurate likeness of a man of genius of to-day, who is living, moving, writing, and, just now, is entertaining his guests with a fire of anecdote, epigram, and reminiscence such as Charles Reade alone can maintain.

We may finish the portrait of the physical presence with a few strokes. Charles Reade's hair, which has become somewhat thin in the ideal parts, matches in color his closely clipped beard and mustache, and is of that rare shade which the French call *cendré.* His eyes are dark brown and full of expression when he is interested. His nose is large and well shaped. His mouth is sensitive and well formed. He is much above the middle height, with a stout and stalwart frame. The florid complexion and the general appearance of the man indicate one of ancient Saxon descent. Such is, in fact, Charles Reade; for his family were Saxon long before the term Anglo-Saxon was coined. If you ask me the meaning of Reade in this terse old tongue, I reply, "counsel, advice." That quality which first gave a name to the family belongs to-day to one of its most remarkable representatives. Whatever opinion you may have formed concerning the wisdom of his acts in his own behalf, you need have no hesitation in applying to Charles Reade for advice touching your own affairs, for you will find in him the gentlest and the wisest of counselors.

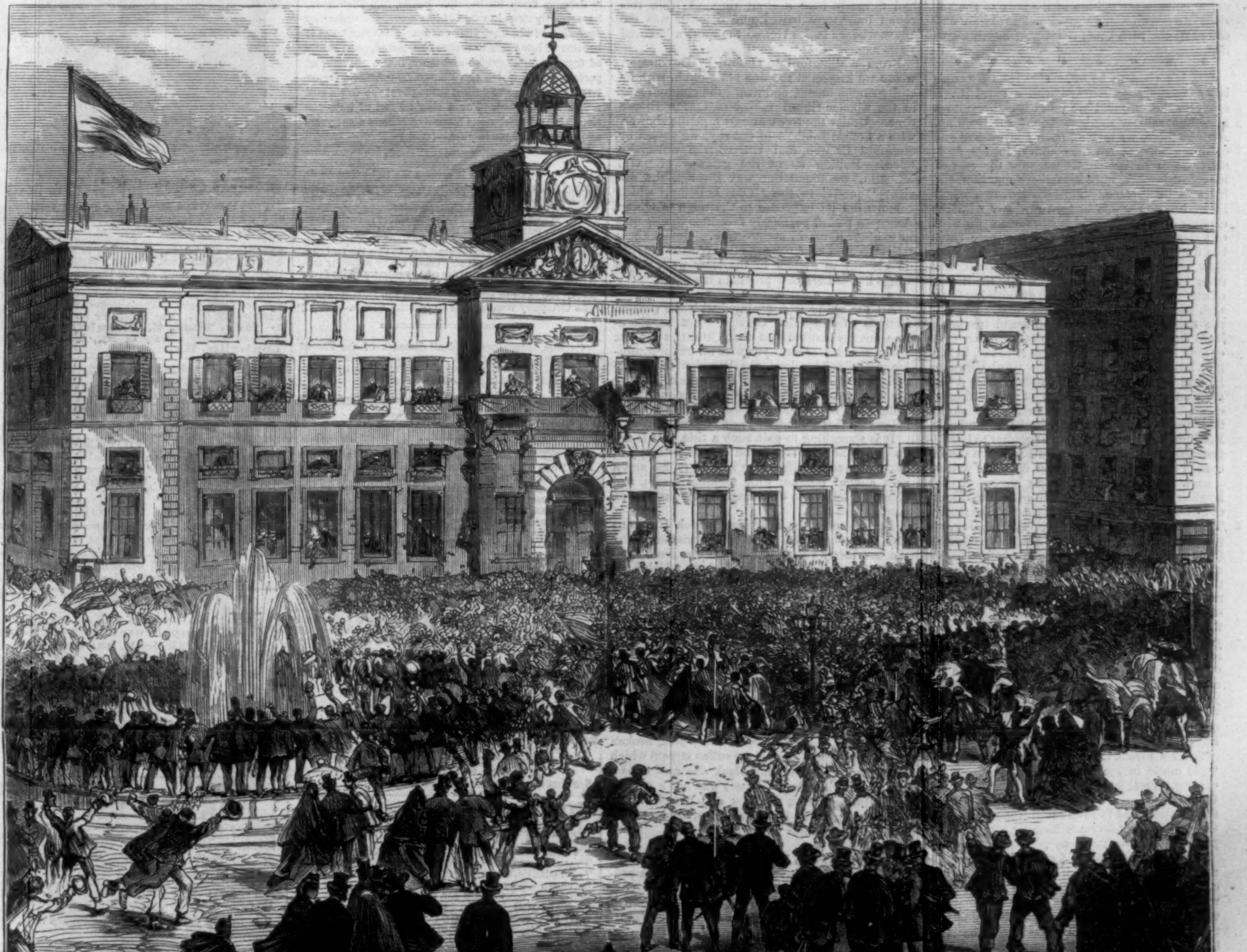
Hear him, too, as he discourses upon art, poetry, fiction, fact; upon the past and the present; upon the great who are living, and the greater—because time has hallowed them—who are dead. Listen to him as he reads a stray chapter in his new story from the manuscript. Glance at the latter. The sheets are of great size, and the hand is that of his secretary, who copies his more hasty writing fairly and roundly, taking care to leave plenty of margin for corrections.

If you note Charles Reade as he writes, you will perceive that he seizes paper of liberal dimensions, and with great rapidity at times, and then long intervals of thought—throws roughly down, now sideways, now right and left, the vigorous children of his teeming brain.

His voice is a pleasant one, and he reads with animated gesture, entering fully into the humor of his creations. And then his talk about Shakspeare! Ye shades of Steevens and Malone! what keen perceptions, what evidences of research, what appreciation of even the unobtrusive qualities of "sweet and honest Will!"

In years he is on the sunny side of sixty—in the neighborhood of fifty-eight—with a vitality, vivacity, and activity of an uncommonly robust man of forty-five. There is an underlying strength of mind and body apparent in all he does and says. You feel that you are in the presence of one who holds rare powers in reserve.

He lives in a singularly comfortable house, which he has partially described in his last year's book. On the main floor are two drawing-



SCENES IN MADRID BEFORE THE PUBLIC OFFICES IN THE PUERTA DEL SOL.—[See Page 195.]

rooms, containing many rarities. From thence you pass, through a bewitching conservatory, "walled like a grotto," into a very large room, built upon his own plans, where pictures, mirrors, flowers, and books are harmoniously blended, and where the noise of the world does not reach the ear. This is his favorite working-place. It opens upon a charming garden, whose walls are hidden by green trailing plants, and whose tallest flowers peep into Hyde Park. In one corner, near the large bay-window, like Queen Elizabeth's at Haddon Hall, stands his oaken writing-table, and beneath this a dozen huge folios of scraps elaborately indexed—for he collects from newspapers and from books all the curious and thrilling things to be found in the course of a wide range of reading.

He commences a novel by "blocking it out," as it were, upon a number of huge white pasteboard sheets. On the first, facts, incidents, dialogues, reflections, situations are grouped in columns. On the second he sketches his scenes. On a third he elaborates the second; and on a fourth, still more complete, he introduces the climax. Then the expansion into a connected story begins, and the skeleton is clothed with flesh. In this stage of his labor he uses huge leaves twice the size of ordinary legal paper. He always writes with a purpose—with an end in view—unlike many authors of the present day, who seem to tack one scene upon another, not knowing exactly where they are coming out.

Charles Reade is a writer of fiction, but he is likewise a thoroughly trained lawyer. With the imaginative he unites the logical. His works are more or less arguments; or, rather, they are powerful performances, which appeal not less absorbingly to the reasoning than to the ideal faculties. Hence it is that both men and women are fascinated by his productions, and linger with delight over an author who blends the real with the ideal, and raises the actualities of life into the splendid realms of romance.

Since he commenced his career as an author Charles Reade has written upon an average one tale in each eighteen months. This is the first year in which he has completed two. No literary man bestows more hard labor, more severe thought, upon his works. In his new serial, *The Wandering Heir*, his hero's fortunes turn upon the ancient laws of the province of Pennsylvania. In order to write in exact accordance with the enactments of that time and of that part of the world, he procured and studied with infinite patience the edition of the laws of the various American Colonies printed in 1703, and edited by the then Chief Justice of South Carolina.

* * * * * * * * *

But it's time to be off. Charles Reade's huge traveling-bag, marked with a royal R., is safely in the van, and we jump together into a first-class railway carriage bound for Reading. Arrived there, we take an open conveyance and drive ten miles across the country, into Oxfordshire, down to Ipsden House, now the seat of his eldest brother, once his father's mansion, and his own birth-place. Through narrow country lanes, between green hedge-rows, gay with the clusters of woodbine and honeysuckle, we wind our way with varying fortunes until we reach the thick preserves and leafy woods of Ipsden. Now before us open five miles of charming and diversified domains, comprised within the Reade estate. Presently we approach an outlying farm, with the ranger's cottage within sight. We hear the sound of the dogs, and descend to view a huge oak, which sheltered William the Conqueror, and more recently—that is to say, in August last—held within its hollow trunk Charles Reade and eleven guests, with a table which groaned beneath the weight of lusty English cheer. We talk as we journey. Our author finds friends in the trees, the shrubs, the animals. For him each spot has a name peculiar to itself—generally reaching back centuries before the inroad of the Norman. Then we dream of writing a book which shall recount the history of each English field, and we are soon lost in the thicket of historical associations awakened by the theme. Thus listening, chatting, speering, thinking, we pass the declivity of a steep hill, and emerging from a grove of ancient trees, see before us, on a slight eminence, the quaint ancestral home of the Reades—Ipsden House. Built in various reigns and by different hands, the effect is that of an irregular but attractive whole. Entering the house and passing to the northwestern front, you look out upon a closely clipped lawn, green as an emerald, and glowing with the rich colors of rare plants and flowers. Far away the eye catches the silver thread of the Thames, and beyond, the line of hills which look down upon the vale of the White Horse—made famous throughout the world by Scott, but of local renown since the days of Alfred the Great.

After a joyous dinner, and instrumental and vocal music in the principal drawing-room, including several sweet old English ballads which Charles Reade sang in sympathetic tones, the family assembled in reverent attitude to listen to God's word, the servants forming a part of this peaceful and touching scene.

Before retiring to bed I smoked a pipe within the depths of the great kitchen fire-place, and inspected the pewter dishes with the Reade arms, which had seen hard service in that remote period when squire and servant sat at the same long table, the former upon a raised dais, the latter below the salt. The following morning dawned clear and cool. If one has strong lungs and no weak points, the air of Ipsden works like a charm, and is more exhilarating than Cliquot in half bottles or Rpederer in whole.

Walking forth into the gardens, we stopped to look at the quaint, round dove-cote, built of brick and flints, from whence the gentle notes of love have issued, morning and evening, since the days when Henry the Seventh was king, and long before his ancient chapel in Westminster had received his royal remains. Resuming our way, we passed below into the single street of Ipsden village, built by the grandfather of Charles Reade, and still forming part of the estate. Reade found fault with the blacksmith's shop because it did not face the highway, so as to cast the forge's ruddy glow upon the faces of the wayfarers. Entering the sole shop besides, we found the goodman engaged in selling a yard of bright ribbon to a buxom lass—the ranger's daughter—to whom Charles Reade had given a broad piece the day before, with injunctions to buy some finery with it. The honest country tradesman came forward immediately and saluted "Maister Chawles," whom he had known, "man and boy, these fifty years." Having ushered us into his kitchen—a long, low room, with huge rafters black with smoke—John chanced to say that he hoped to have it ceiled, whereupon Reade broke out, imploringly: "Nay, goodman, for God's sake, don't spoil the place. All the grand castles and halls retain the great beams in sight. Why should you be afraid to keep them? If you are not satisfied, I will bring a man down from London to gild the edges."

We found a caldron of steaming honey hissing in the wide-mouthed chimney, and John explained that he was making "metheglin wine." "Ye see, Maister Chawles, ye pet in an egg, and if a piece the size of a shilling shows, we knows there's plenty of honey; but if the half swims out, ye know that more's needed. It's mighty queer stuff, Maister Chawles. A glass of it before church is petickerler good. It goes down into your boots and comes back to warm your heart, and make ye feel comfortable like."

As we returned by another path the ancient vicarage peeped pleasantly forth from amidst its shaven lawns, its neatly trimmed hedges, and whispering foliage.

* * * * * * * *

On through an enticing bit of country from Ipsden, passing the site of the famous Sir William Blackstone's house, to Wallingford, where we got down at the sign of "The Lamb," and went off to view the remains of Wallingford Castle, now owned by Mr. Hedges, who has religiously revealed and preserved the antiquities of a stronghold which seems to have been appreciated long before the Roman occupation. Retracing our steps we crossed the market-place, and Charles Reade pointed out a circle of stones, with an iron-stained hole in one of them, which had formerly held a stout ring. Within this round bulls were baited, and opposite was the house whence ladies viewed the sport a hundred years ago.

From Wallingford to Oxford by Dorchester, where we inspected the fine old church, with its curious monuments, and heard the children sing in the wooden-ribbed school of Queen Bess's time. Under the trees, amidst a gentle shower, with a double rainbow in the sky, we passed by Sandford Church, and entered the university town. Pulling up at the gateway of "Old Maudlin," we found our way through the ancient "quads" to the "new building," which commenced its existence in the reign of Queen Anne—a period peculiarly favorable to elegance in writing, if not in architecture. Before these walls were raised Addison often crossed the spot on his way to wander in the leafy walk whose winds and waters now proclaim his name.

* * * * * * * *

All the world is acquainted with the general features of Magdalen College. Let us, therefore, merely remind you that Charles Reade spent here his several years as an under-graduate, and finally gained the Vinerian fellowship of law at the early age of twenty-one. Being the youngest fellow he signed the receipts of the college for a time, as Wolsey did in the same fellowship three hundred years before him.

It is something to gain such a title. It is not an empty honor; for if you do not marry, you have secured for life a fine suit of rooms and a neat annual income, with nominal duties, and abundant leisure to do something for the rest of mankind.

Let us enter the apartment which Charles Reade has occupied in the winter season during the last thirty years, whither he flies from London fogs, to escape the bronchitis to which he is subject. The walls are of pine, varnished and gilded. They were formerly painted in feeble imitation of oak, but he had the wainscoting removed, planed, replaced, and covered with an entirely colorless coating, which time has turned to a rich cream-like hue. A bright fire burned on the hearth, and after a cheerful dinner in the antique hall we found the tea-kettle singing its home-like song.

Before retiring to rest I opened my window and looked out upon a wide expanse of park. A silence like death was upon the whole, broken only by the dull sound of the sullen stream which crept stealthily through a black shade of trees a hundred yards away. There was not a soul in the building except my host and myself, and I sat there for hours in the darkness, fascinated by the weird loneliness of the place.

* * * * * * * *

From Oxford to London by a fast train. Welcomed by all the house contains. What a passion for animals has Dr. Reade! He is only known at Oxford by his title of Doctor of Civil Laws. It is the only corner where this dwarfing takes place; for he has reached that preeminence which entitles the world to drop all conventionalities, and hail him simply, grandly, by his name alone.

Here is his favorite dog, "Spot"—a cross between a Skye and a Scotch terrier—with a back as broad as his master's sense of humor: of whom it is related that while his master was devoutly kneeling, at public prayers, at a manse in Scotland, this affectionate and responsive beast leaped upon his neck and howled at the moment when the good were expected to say amen!

Then there is our dear friend the jackdaw, with the leer of a devil and the sly ways of a magpie. Whenever leaves are missing from the author's manuscript, Jack is sure to be the thief; but when accused he merely winks solemnly, and hops out of the way of chastisement.

* * * * * * * *

And now, men of England, one word before we part. I am no man's Boswell. I have said my say from an independent stand-point. My estimates of men are based upon an intimate study of their characters and works. I am prone to seek to influence the future of my subjects rather than to draw inspiration for myself from their example. But I like to see a fair fight, and my sympathies are aroused when I behold a man of rare gifts underestimated or unjustly attacked.

You have a master among you whose powers are thoroughly appreciated by your brethren beyond the sea. Cherish him. Make much of him while he lives, for when he is dead the name of Charles Reade will be graven in enduring characters among the glorious worthies of English literature.

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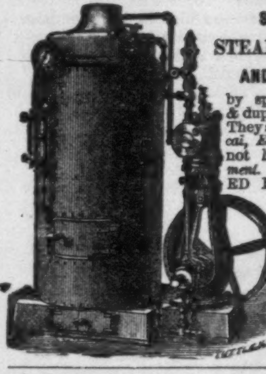

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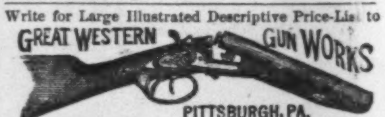

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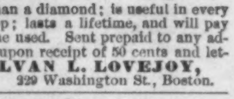

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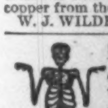

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